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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—September 16, 1972, 50 cents

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## Creeping Corporatism

*Mark Green & Peter Petkas*

**Courting Labor**—*Paul R. Wieck*

**Singapore and China**—*Ross Terrill*

**The Ruling Class**—*Stanley Kauffmann*

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*"Don't Bank On It" may be coming out at an auspicious time, as the public is becoming more aware of interest rates and thanks t*

### About the Authors

**Martin J. Meyer** is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

**Dr. Joseph M. McDaniel, Jr.,** recently elected President of the World Health Organization, was Secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes government service with the Economic Cooperative Association.

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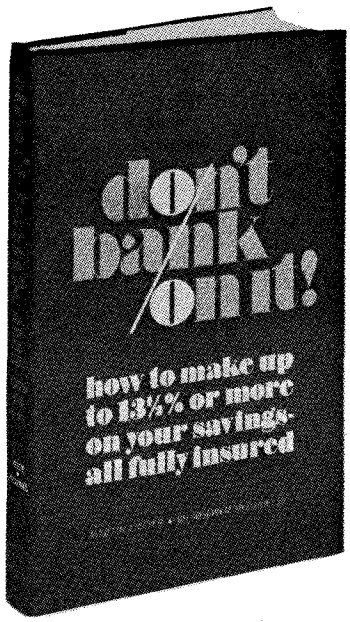


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*"How could we have been so stupid?"* President John F. Kennedy asked after he and a close group of advisers had blundered into the Bay of Pigs invasion.

But stupidity was not the answer. The men who participated in the Bay of Pigs decision comprised one of the greatest arrays of intellectual talent in the history of American government.

Yale University psychologist Irving L. Janis spent two years looking for the answer. He studied not only the Bay of Pigs but also Pearl Harbor, Vietnam, and other policy disasters.

In each case, he found the decision-makers to be victims of certain clear laws of what he calls Groupthink, a process that results in the distortion of sound collective judgment.

**Symptoms of Groupthink**

"I was surprised to discover," he wrote in a recent article in Psychology Today, "the extent to which each group displayed the typical phenomena of social conformity that are regularly encountered in studies of group dynamics among ordinary citizens.

Janis was able to isolate and illustrate 8 symptoms of Groupthink, such as Feelings of Invulnerability, Rationalization, Assumptions of Inherent Morality, Stereotyped Views of the Adversary, and Pressure to Conform.

**Successful Planning Also Studied**

As a counterpoint to this gloomy picture, Janis also investigated two highly successful group enterprises, the formulation of the Marshall Plan in the Truman Administration and the handling of the Cuban missile crisis by President Kennedy and his advisers.

From these observations, he has drawn 9 recommendations for preventing Groupthink which can be used by any planning group, whether it's the Pentagon or your local P.T.A.

What if Janis's conclusions had been developed ten years earlier? And what if there had already been a magazine called Psychology Today to communicate world-changing ideas like these to a wide general audience of thoughtful readers? Might it have prevented the tragic American military intervention in Vietnam?

We'll never know. But there is reason to hope that the discoveries being made by psychologists about human and animal behavior today can help prevent "another Vietnam"...if they can be broadly disseminated in time.

**What Is Psychology Today?**

Psychology Today was born to bring ideas like these into the mainstream of social thinking immediately, to bridge the gap between the behavior lab and the living room.

It took Freud's ideas a generation to trickle through the barrier of learned books and journals to the consciousness of the educated layman.

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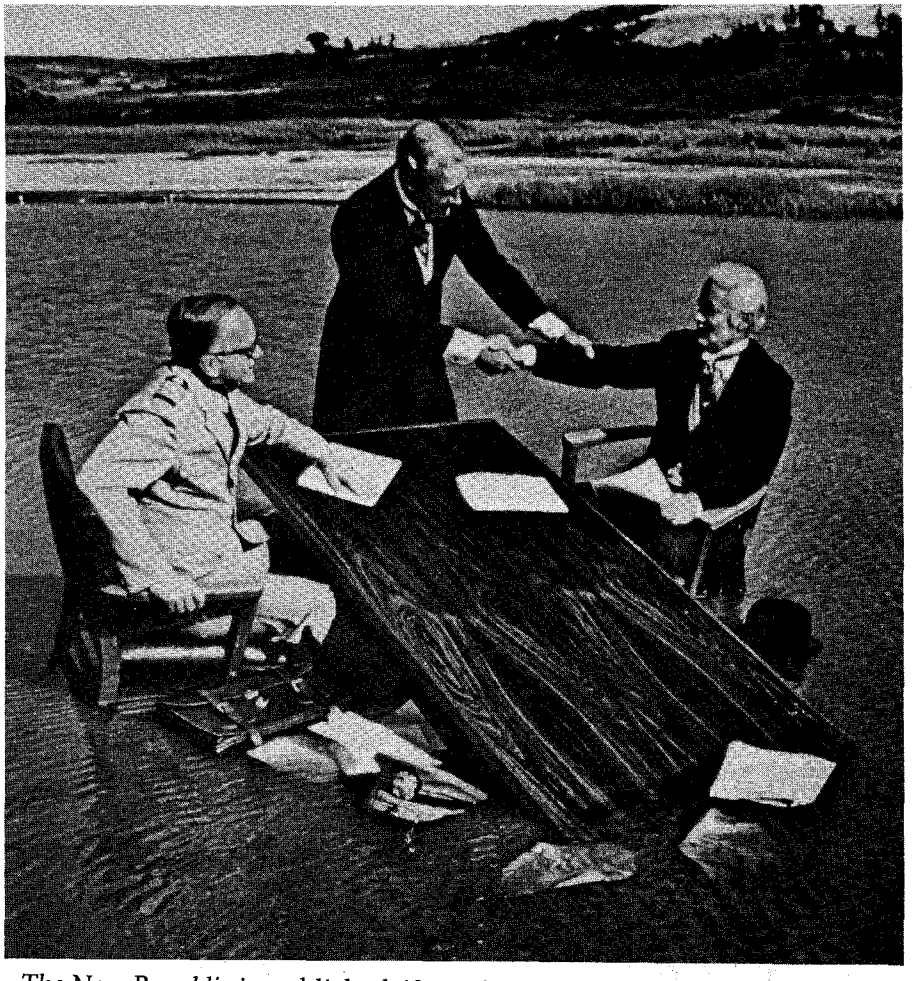
# Could Psychology Today have prevented the Vietnam War?

**Another example of the behavioral discoveries which are shaping the thinking of a new generation of thoughtful readers**



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# TRB

from Washington
September 16, 1972

## Can Government Govern?

All across Canada today electoral enumerators are rapping on doors, asking who's eligible to vote, and preparing voting lists for publication and display. Canada is holding a general election simultaneously with ours, the vote coming October 30. Checking the votes in Canada and overseeing the election is a federal job. If the US operated that way, our government enumerators would be out now in Harlem, in Watts, in Mississippi, in Alaska. With a population 10 times Canada's the comparative cost in the US would be about $135 million. It would be a more honest election with a bigger turnout; only 61 percent of US eligibles voted in 1968; Canada expects about 75 percent this year.

Canadians have many quaint notions about elections. One is that the process should be brief. Just about the time the US has begun to warm up, the Canadian election is all over; the US takes a year or so, Canada 60 days. Prime Minister Trudeau dissolved Parliament only last September 1.

Living side by side, it is amazing how little the US knows about Canada. In a general way, of course, most Americans realize that Canada doesn't separate powers, as we do, between the White House and Congress. But perhaps the biggest difference is that whoever gets elected up north will be able to govern. He will have a mandate. If he doesn't he will just call another election. Diefenbaker won in 1957, for example, but lacked a workable majority; he called another election the next year and got the biggest parliamentary majority in history.

Mr. Nixon won in 1968 but he was a minority President, with a Democratic Congress the whole time. It's funny how often that happens. General Eisenhower had an opposition Congress six of his eight years. European politicians stutter with incredulity at the idea.

Sometimes in Washington the machine just stalls. More often things just drag along: programs for health insurance, welfare, taxes. It worries people who doubt the very instruments of democracy. It's not confined just to hippies. Here is tough-minded George Reedy, former special assistant to Lyndon Johnson, who worked inside the White House. In his compelling book, *The Twilight of the Presidency*, he gloomily predicts that things will get worse. The "probable outcome of our current difficulties will be a 'man on horseback'," he says flatly. Will the present "museum" system reform itself, he asks? "The prospects are dim," he says.

He's not alone. Clark Mollenhoff, Washington bureau chief of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*, who served for a while in the Nixon White House, says this administration, in some respects, is twice as isolated and monarchical as Lyndon's. His book will be out next year.

Pat Moynihan, Mr. Nixon's pet liberal, interviewed the President in last week's *Life* magazine. He notes all the important programs that got stalled in Congress. "Such failures suggest to him [Nixon] that we face a crisis in our ability to govern," says Moynihan, "that the machinery of government is obsolete. It is, after all, 18th Century machinery." Exactly. It comes back to the old point, can the American government govern? As we come to the end of the 20th Century the two great issues are Race and Poverty. Can either Nixon or McGovern, if elected, work the clumsy machinery to do much about it?

While Congress has steadily lost power the Canadian Parliament remains as strong as ever. Canada is no political Utopia but at least after an election you know who has the ball. That's not true in Washington; the present guessing here is that if Mr. Nixon is reelected, as expected, he will have a Democratic House or Senate, or both.

The odd thing is (and a reformer might as well admit it) that our queer system works pretty well, so far anyway. The problem is the future. Things happen faster. Problems are worsening, changes increasing, doubts deepening. Furthermore, Congress is deteriorating.

Congress is a worry to anybody who examines it. In a negative way it can function all right; it can stop things from happening. All its favorite controls and little veto powers operate for the status quo. For example, the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee are stacked to the lid with men from the oil states, all genuflecting to Depletion Allowance. Washington is a harem full of special interests, and Congress is the Grand Eunuch guarding the seraglio. It has diminished its positive powers, making the President more and more powerful.

When the new congressman comes to Washington next January he will not find much party discipline (unlike Canada) but he will be bound almost as strongly by conservative precedents. The seniority system, for example! They laugh their heads off in Ottawa, in Canberra, in London at the US seniority system.

The difference between the President and Prime Minister is extraordinary. Mr. Nixon is king and political leader rolled into one. That makes him aloof. Walter Hickel quit the cabinet because he couldn't get to see the President; George Romney is quitting for the same reason; John Volpe threatens to quit if chief-of-staff H. R. Haldeman keeps him waiting for a month again before letting him in.

In Ottawa the monarchical-ceremonial part is all handled by the Governor General. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's job is down-to-earth government. Aloof? Look at him on the front bench at "Question Time," the first hour of each day in Parliament. The questions are oral and unrehearsed, leveled by the Opposition right at Mr. Trudeau and his cabinet, and they bring noisy protest if the answers are evasive. Imagine the scene in Congress; dream about it; Mr. Nixon being asked about Vietnam; or John Mitchell about the Watergate bugging! "Why, Mr. Secretary Butz, did you reverse dairy control policies after secret campaign gifts from the big milk interests?" This scene is accompanied by participatory audience noises from the Opposition of desk-thumping, catcalls and cries of "Shame."

Mr. Nixon escapes this. Even with the press he has held only 27 formal conferences since taking office. Under the quaint Canadian system only speeches actually made are officially reported. And at national elections the government minimizes dishonesty by managing the thing. But the biggest difference is that the Canadian government can govern—get things done or fix responsibility. That's the weakest part of the US system.

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**THE NEW REPUBLIC** *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 167, No. 10, Issue 3010, September 16, 1972. Published weekly (except the issues of January 1, July 29, August 12, and August 26, 1972) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1972 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

**7-11** Comment
Taxes and Politics, McGovern's New Economics, Strip-mine Sellout, Crippling Farm Workers, Banking Your Taxes, A GOP Senate?

**12** Workmen's Compensation: Aiding the Injured—*Joseph A. Page*

**13** An Ostrich in Asia—*Ross Terrill*

**15** Courting Labor—*Paul R. Wieck*

**18** Nixon's Industrial State—*Mark Green* and *Peter Petkas*

**22** Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*

**23** TV—*Sedulus*

**23** Poem—*Carl Dennis*

**24** Books—Reviews by *Russell Warren Howe, Robie Macauley, Dave Osborne, Tom Geoghegan, Jonathan Yardley*

**29** Poem—*Howard Nemerov*

**33** Correspondence

The Staff

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# Taxes and Politics

For 12 years, the government has been living off the fat of the "fiscal dividend," the name for increased tax revenues an expanding GNP generates. But even if the GNP reaches its maximum under conditions of a full employment, fiscal year 1975 is still likely to show a deficit of $17 billion. According to the Brookings study "Setting National Priorities," the full-employment fiscal dividend would only raise tax receipts $12-to-$15 billion, to meet what may be a $25 billion or more rise in expenditures. And that may be too optimistic a prediction. For in the defense budget alone, with cost overruns of $33 billion and high built-in costs of manpower, the study predicts a six-to-15 percent real increase in spending by fiscal 1975. What chiefly explains the shrinking fiscal dividend at the federal level has been an astonishing decade of tax cuts. The federal government is collecting revenues that are $43 billion less than what would have been collected at 1963 rates. Tax cuts in 1964, 1969 and 1971 add up to an accumulating loss of revenue from each year's fiscal dividend. Inflation, cost overruns and war eat up the rest. These cuts plus loopholes through which $77 billion of potential tax revenues disappeared in 1972 explain the so-called "erosion" of the tax base.

And yet, there is a taxpayers' revolt. For 10 years, we have heard that federal income taxes are too high. Some may be; most are not. What have been too high are payroll taxes which finance social security benefits, rising steadily from a 10 percent share of tax revenue in 1954 to 20 percent in 1973. Rising state and local tax rates have also fueled the revolt, and now these governments are looking to the federal budget for revenue sharing and property tax relief. Who is to pay for that? At the moment the only new tax plan the administration *may* have is a value-added consumption tax to assume the spiraling duties of the old local property tax—"a popular election issue," according to White House Aide John Ehrlichmann. Otherwise, unless it decides to junk revenue sharing and welfare reform or makes Draconian cuts in defense, the administration faces a revenue gap that will remain wide as ever.

Herbert Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, says the administration must meet the expenditure problem now or face the revenue problem later. That is why the President has proposed a $250 billion ceiling on this year's budget, flailing

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away at hapless HEW programs and accusing the Democratic Congress of reckless spending (and reckless parsimony when it comes to new weapons systems). With the economy as sluggish as it is, the Nixon ceiling on spending makes no sense this year and it will be of little use next year. On the contrary, a 5.5 percent unemployment rate and a $60 billion slack in potential GNP justify some fairly daring deficit spending. According to the Joint Economic Committee's Mid-Year Review, the fear now is that the administration might raise too soon "the false specter of inflation," slam on the fiscal brakes and saddle the country "indefinitely with a five percent unemployment rate."

The likely political out for the administration is to temporize on tax reform, make a few budget cuts and "miscalculate" where necessary the size of the deficit. In order to fund its war in Vietnam, the Johnson administration was willing to misrepresent the deficit. Perhaps in the same spirit, the White House estimate of the fiscal 1972 budget missed the right figure by $16 billion. By cutting the deficit too soon, though, the administration may well worsen the tax intake by slowing down both the economy and the increase of the fiscal dividend. The aim should be to lower unemployment, adding more revenue to the budget and reducing the need for even-larger expenditures in poverty-related programs. That is what we think the Democratic candidate has in mind.

One aim of Senator McGovern's Wall Street speech was to force the administration to make public a tax plan of its own to meet the revenue crunch. According to McGovern, a tough policy on capital gains and a meticulous item-by-item revision of the rest of the tax code would siphon a mere 1.5 percent off the GNP. But closing loopholes, though it may have little effect on the ultimate distribution of income, means greater "fairness" and more efficient resource allocation for the country, and those are not insignificant gains. People would be less grouchy around tax time if they knew the man on the other oar was pulling just as hard, and that the country *was* moving again.

While the administration dawdles on "reforms" and frets over phony ceilings, it tries to inflate the figures in the McGovern plan. Senator McGovern's only proper response is candor. He will be hard put to defend himself if he promises to impose no new tax burden on wages and salaries, for the kind of programs he wants and that a Democratic Congress may approve—national health insurance or day care—would almost have to be paid for out of general revenues. You cannot tell the people they are overtaxed and then expect them to support massive new spending. Aggregate tax receipts amount to 32 percent of the GNP, a figure that falls short of the 40-plus percent of the GNP needed to finance most of the public programs of Western European countries. To claim to lead a revolt against taxes *as such* would be to prepare the public poorly for the tax burden of the years ahead.

# McGovern's New Economics

George McGovern's basic political problem is as painfully clear as the polls can make it. Generous instincts, which the Democratic candidate has in abundance, are not enough. Voters have to be convinced of his practicality, his technical and administrative competence. On some issues, notably the Vietnam War and military extravagance, McGovern has been manifestly authoritative. Since the national debt went up by 23 percent from fiscal 1969 to fiscal 1972, since the consumer price index rose 19.6 percent in the same period and since 5,193,000 are unemployed, one might expect that the South Dakotan would shine here too. He has not yet. The errors in his earlier economic proposals have now been conceded, his economics staff has been shaken up, and a revised program has been constructed and presented to the public. But he has only six weeks to publicize it and persuade a majority of its equity and feasibility.

The most important change is a shift of emphasis. McGovern's initial program focused on welfare—specifically, a blunt transfer of funds to the poor from the rich and the more affluent to make possible a federal grant of $1000 or so for every man, woman and child in the country. A Harris poll found that 73 percent of those questioned rejected the scheme. It was notable for its audacity, but also its enormous cost, requiring large tax increases for relatively modest income groups with incomes of $9000-$20,000 a year. In its place, the senator has put forward a program that centers on the more traditional Democratic commitment to guaranteed jobs.

The new thrust may help revitalize McGovern's campaign. For the contrast with Nixon's poor performance in cutting down inflation *and* unemployment can be made as dramatic as the contrast between McGovern's no-war and the administration's more-war position. There is little prospect under a Nixon administration for a full employment economy with reasonably stable prices. That can come about only through determined efforts to take up the economy's slack by tax-financed public employment which McGovern promises. And as a bonus, that investment can help meet an imposing range of needs, from environmental protection to mass transportation.

An additional refinement in recent weeks has been McGovern's clarification of his ideas on tax reform. At least one of the candidate's advisors had fogged the question by proclaiming that the ultimate objective was to inaugurate "comprehensive" tax reform, which seemed to mean an end to *all* deductions from income including medical, charitable and educational outlays, interest on home mortgages and some other currently allowable items that most people do not regard as iniquitous "loopholes." In his speech before the New York Security Analysts, McGovern left no doubt that he had in mind no such indiscriminate surgery,

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whether on corporate or personal income. He presented instead well researched proposals for gradual excision of notorious loopholes that few corporation executives would publicly defend—exorbitant depletion allowances, over-generous credits for investment and accelerated depreciation, tax havens in phony agricultural "enterprises," schemes for transforming legitimate income into the more gently treated capital gains, tax exempt bonds, and similar popular escapes from taxation. The objective, as McGovern put it, is to see that "money made by money should be taxed at the same rate as money made by men." Mr. Nixon can earn no political capital by challenging that truism.

One part of the new Democratic economic program needs more thought, as McGovern acknowledges: what to do for and with persons unable or unwilling to work, even in a full employment economy: more specifically, how best to help those who are nevertheless "poor," defined as making no more than about $4000 for a family of four. The difficulties arise not so much in connection with the aged, the ill or the handicapped, all of whom can be accommodated by a generous social security system, but rather with the working poor. The ideal is a guaranteed minimum income which does not undermine the incentive to work. The latter requirement, in turn, implies taxing away only part of a poor family's subsidies as its earnings rise; otherwise that family could wind up with more net income on welfare than it would earn on the job. The considerations involved are fiscal and psychological. What kind of minimum income guarantee can the nation now afford to finance? Of course, the more jobs available, the fewer people there will be on welfare, and the more generous allowances can be for those who have no work. But then, what tax rate on the incomes of the working poor will be small enough to induce them to keep jobs, and large enough so that subsidies go to those far above the poverty threshhold? Both houses of Congress have before them proposals on these matters, together with the results of pilot research projects and mountains of economic data. A prompt, humane and feasible answer from McGovern would complete the record.

# Strip-mine Sellout

Last year, when national publicity seemed to be moving Congress to do something about strip-mining (more than 100 members cosponsored Representative Ken Hechler's (D, W.Va.) bill to abolish the stripping of coal completely), environmentalists had some reason for optimism. But the bills that are now emerging from the subcommittees of both Houses ignore most of the ecologists' complaints. The Senate version is the worse of the pair. It has an air of an industry promotion about it and has incorporated all the worst suggestions. In fact, the Environmental Policy Center, a Washington ecology group, thinks the bill from Senator Frank Moss's (D, Utah) subcommittee is so bad that the country would be better off without it. EPC says, "It is clearly in the interests of the mining industry to get the Moss bill reported out of [the] full committee as soon as possible with as little public scrutiny as possible."

What's so bad about the Moss bill is that instead of concentrating on coal, the bill takes in a whole range of minerals (excluding oil and gas!). The bill contains no requirements that after the land has been mined, reclamation be successful. It requires only that an operator follow through with whatever reclamation plan is approved (without, incidentally, benefit of public notice or public hearing). Where reclamation cannot be achieved, something called reconditioning—never defined in the bill—is to be employed, presumably to make the scar-faced hills of Appalachia look like neatly clipped golf courses. Worst of all, the operator is under no mandate to prove that the land *can* be reclaimed.

Instead of putting regulatory control in the Environmental Protection Agency, the government's ecowatchdog, the Moss bill would give it to the Interior Department, an agency whose record of selling off US forest lands for clear-cutting discredits its concern for nature. Interior would also gain control over the proposed Abandoned Mine Reclamation Fund. This pork barrel would be used to reclaim so-called orphan lands —abandoned unreclaimed mines—for eventual sale to private interests for industrial, residential, or recreational development. Instead of requiring that the most damaged areas be reclaimed first, however, the bill leaves priorities up to the secretary of the interior, thus opening the door for a slush fund that could be used to reclaim the most potentially *profitable* lands.

Finally, the most glaring weakness is that the bill would substantially dilute the power of state regulations in at least five states: Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Any state hoping to enforce guidelines stricter than the federal ones would run into the problem of environmental blackmail: states with the tougher laws would be discriminating against themselves in the coal market. "Variances in state laws and enforcement plans make interstate bargaining by big companies possible," says EPC, "and the Moss bill has set up no safeguards against it."

The House variant is only a bit better than the Senate bill. House Interior Committee Chairman Wayne Aspinall (D, Colo.) was able to push through some industry-backed measures, particularly one that would permit strip-mining on mountain slopes of greater than 14 degrees. This is sure to raise the ire of the people of Appalachia, whose houses and lives are threatened daily by floods and mudslides caused by the strip-mining of their hills.

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# Crippling Farm Workers

Grower organizations, notably the Farm Bureau, have been seeking in recent months to accomplish legislatively what they have been unable to achieve in economic combat—destroy the United Farm Workers union. Earlier this year they prevailed upon the Arizona legislature to enact a law authorizing injunctions against harvest-time strikes, and making it a crime, punishable by a year's imprisonment and a $5,000 fine, to advocate the boycotting of lettuce or any other crop. The law also limits the number of migrants eligible to vote in union elections to the number of permanent employees on a farm, thereby disenfranchising the vast majority of migrants and UFW supporters. Similar measures have been adopted in Idaho and Kansas; passed by the Oregon legislature but vetoed by Governor Tom McCall; and introduced in New York, Florida, Washington and a half a dozen other farm states. Their constitutionality is questionable on First Amendment and equal protection grounds, and has been challenged by the UFW in Arizona, but a definite court ruling is probably years away.

The growers' biggest target, of course, is California, where an Arizona-type bill was killed by the Democratic legislature last year. This year the growers and their agribusiness allies, including Hunt-Wesson Foods, hired a professional signature-gathering firm, Alan Blanchard and Associates, to put their scheme on the November ballot. Blanchard spent in excess of $200,000 to do the job, paying canvassers 30 to 50 cents per signature. There is evidence that people who signed the petition were told it was designed to "help the farm workers," or "to lower food prices," or that "Cesar Chavez supports it." The growers are now assembling a campaign fund of about $500,000 to win voter approval of the initiative, listed as Proposition 22. Most of the money will be spent on a sophisticated media blitz during the final two weeks of the campaign. Hill and Knowlton, the public relations firm hired by the growers, says the theme probably will be "the farm worker's right to choose his union."

Which farm workers will be eligible to choose is the key question. Like the Arizona law, the California proposition would deny the vote to all but a handful of permanent employees whom growers decide not to lay off prior to an election. In Chavez's view, enactment of such legislation would all but wipe out the UFW. "Either we win, we defeat Proposition 22, or we don't have a union," he says. Passage of the initiative would also affect workers in packing sheds, canneries and food processing plants, many of whom are covered by Teamster contracts.

The UFW has launched an intensive political drive to defeat Proposition 22. Some 60,000 black, brown and low-income voters have been registered in the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, and the goal, according to Fred Ross, Sr., northern California coordinator, is several hundred thousand more. After the harvest season ends in mid-October, thousands of farm workers will be brought into metropolitan areas for door-to-door canvassing. Church groups and labor organizations have pledged support, and the California Labor Federation, AFL-CIO, has donated $10,000. More contributions (c/o United Farm Workers, 1411 West Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90015) are badly needed. If the union can make known to voters the real impact of Proposition 22 on the farm workers' right to organize, Chavez believes the measure can be defeated.

# Banking Your Taxes

If you are a homeowner stuck with a mortgage, chances are you're also saddled with a hidden subsidy to your bank. Millions of homeowners make monthly payments for local property taxes along with their regular mortgage payments. Banks and savings and loan associations place these tax payments into escrow accounts, and turn them over to local governments once or twice a year, depending on state law. Meantime, they loan out their escrow funds at interest, but pay no interest to the depositor-homeowner. To make matters worse, local governments must often borrow from banks—at interest—while waiting for their bank-held taxes to come in.

A recent study by the Citizens Action Group, a community organization in Chicago, calculated that Cook County banks and savings and loans (S&Ls) get free use of about $200 million annually from property-tax escrow accounts. At the same time, Cook County in 1970 paid $37.5 million in interest on short-term loans for working cash, called "tax anticipation warrants." The crowning irony is that the banks' profits from tax anticipation warrants are tax free, since the warrants are a form of tax-exempt local government bonds.

How much does this cost the average homeowner? The House Banking and Currency Committee staff estimates that if banks invest their property-tax escrow funds at four percent, the average family loses about $800 over the life of a 30-year mortgage (the exact amount depends on local property tax rates and the value of the property involved). Actually, the loss is probably greater, since many banks comingle their property-tax escrow funds with their general lending funds, which can earn seven percent or more. And the homeowner pays again at the other end of the cycle, when his taxes are raised to pay interest on working cash his local government must borrow.

These hidden subsidies may constitute a violation of the federal truth in lending law, which requires financial institutions to state undeceptively the true rate of interest being charged to borrowers. If a bank states

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it is charging a homeowner eight percent, but then collects from him an additional interest-free loan every month, the effective rate of interest is higher than eight percent. Law suits currently pending in several states allege that the property-tax escrow system is illegal on these and other grounds. Meanwhile, Representatives Wright Patman (D, Tex.) and Leonor K. Sullivan (D, Mo.) are seeking to end the practice through federal legislation, and officials in several states are pushing for monthly tax payments directly to local governments.

## Car Prices

When Henry Ford II heard the news on August 29 that the price commission wouldn't even consider the request for a price increase on cars, he was "astounded." Ten days earlier, representatives of the big-four car manufacturers had been called to the White House to discuss prices with Donald Rumsfeld, chairman of the Cost of Living Council. After the meeting, Ford and GM relented, cutting their increases by about one-third—to $59 a car. Chrysler and American Motors held firm at $91 and $81 per car, and that seemed to settle it.

But when Rumsfeld stepped out, the price commission stepped in. Chairman C. Jackson Grayson ruled that Ford and GM, who earned their largest six-month profits ever in the first half of 1972, were automatically ineligible for price boosts. He told American and Chrysler that he would withhold judgment on them until the commission's public review of car prices closed on September 30. By this double stroke Grayson will delay all car price increases until mid-October and may put off Ford and GM longer, possibly until after the election.

## A GOP Senate?

Frank N. (Nordy) Hoffman, director of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, claims the numbers aren't there for a GOP takeover of the Senate this year. "They have to save 19 seats and pick up another five" or win 24 of 33 races to reach 50 senators (counting Buckley of New York but not Byrd of Virginia). Hoffman doesn't think they can.

Scanning the huge map he has on the wall of his office, Hoffman ticked off five GOP-held seats he thinks his candidates have a 50-50 chance of taking and added three more that look good. Against this, he concedes Democrats are "in trouble" in races for five seats they now hold.

Democratic-held seats "in trouble" include:

*New Mexico.* Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D) is retiring. Hoffman points out that Pete Domenici, the GOP nominee, is "popular" and from Albuquerque, where nearly one-third of the voters in the state live. In addition, Nixon is expected to run well in the state (he carried it handily in 1968). A new poll taken for Jack Daniels (D), Domenici's opponent, gives Daniels 34 percent to 33 percent for Domenici with 33 percent undecided.

*Oklahoma.* "It's tough. There's no question about it," Hoffman says in assessing the chances of Representative Ed Edmondson (D) of holding the seat of Senator Fred Harris (D) against ex-Governor Dewey Bartlett (R). Hoffman didn't say it but Edmondson's best chance may be to follow Governor Hall's strategy in 1970 when he concentrated on the rural counties and built up just enough of a majority to offset Bartlett's strength in Tulsa and Oklahoma City, both GOP strongholds. Again, a strong showing by Nixon may tell the tale.

*Georgia.* Hoffman figures the Democrats are "a lot better off" with State Representative Sam Nunn, the young legislator who put together a strange biracial coalition to defeat Senator David Gambrell (D) in the primary. Nunn faces Representative Fletcher Thompson (R), the strongest nominee the GOP has fielded in that state in many years. Polls show Nixon nearly a 2-1 favorite in Georgia, which should help Thompson although Nunn's popularity in rural areas may enable him to offset Thompson majorities in urban areas.

*North Carolina.* "A big question mark," Hoffman says. He admits Jesse Helms, a TV commentator who spouts right-wing homilies over a Raleigh TV station, is "coming on fast." He's up against Representative Nick Galifianakis (D), who defeated Senator B. Everett Jordan (D) in the primary.

*Rhode Island.* Senator Claiborne Pell (D), after a slow start, is getting his campaign off the ground against former Governor John Chafee (R) and is now only four points behind Chafee in the polls. Pell is expected to get some active help from Senator John Pastore (D), who has a committee chairmanship to protect. Pell, himself, has started touring the factory gates.

Hoffman disagrees with reports that Senators John Sparkman (D, Ala.), William Spong (D, Va.), Lee Metcalf (D, Mont.) and Tom McIntyre (D, NH) are in much trouble. Nor does he think ex-Governor John McKeithen will cost the Democrats the Louisiana seat by running as an independent.

Hoffman sees the Democrats with a 50-50 chance of picking up these five seats:

*Michigan.* The latest polls show Attorney General Frank Kelly (D) two points ahead of Senator Robert Griffin (R). Griffin shot up in the polls earlier in the year when he came into the spotlight on the busing issue; however, it's Kelly who, as attorney general, is appealing the Pontiac decision. He's stolen Griffin's issue. "Kelly is really turning people on," Hoffman

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said.

*Kentucky.* "We have a very good chance here," Hoffman says. It's the seat of retiring Senator John Sherman Cooper (R) that's at stake and the nominees are State Senator Walter Huddleston (D) and ex-Governor Louis Nunn (R). It's no secret Cooper finds Nunn, an ultra-conservative, distasteful and Nunn, himself, wasn't too hot to make the race.

*South Dakota.* Hoffman gives Representative James Abourezk (D) a "better than 50-50 chance" to pick up the seat of Senator Karl Mundt (R), who was felled by a stroke and hasn't appeared on the Senate floor since 1970. Abourezk is running with Governor Richard Kneip (D), a very popular figure, in McGovern's home state.

*Oregon.* The best estimates are that it's "a horse-race" between Senator Mark Hatfield (R) and ex-Senator Wayne L. Morse (D). Morse is said to be working hard, keeping his speeches short and running with McGovern while Hatfield has been hurt by Governor Tom McCall's threat to run as an independent. Hatfield's views on Israel are also suspect in the Jewish community, giving Morse a source of funds he needs badly.

*Idaho.* W. E. (Bud) Davis, the former president of Idaho State University, is described as a "very saleable" candidate who's picked up labor endorsement since the primary but is running against his own party's platform. Davis is an "affable, nice guy," an ex-football coach and a favorite of the luncheon circuit. His opponent for the seat of Senator Len Jordan (R), Representative James McClure (R), is a right-wing conservative.

Hoffman also has hopes in three other states—Texas, Iowa and Delaware. One recent poll shows Barefoot Sanders (D) a bit ahead of Senator John Tower (R) in Texas, a state which is currently described by some as "turned off by McGovern and turned off by Tower." In Iowa, Richard Clark, former aide to Representative John Culver (D), has attracted widespread attention by stumping the state, at each stop attacking the record of Senator Jack Miller (R). "He's driving Miller nuts and he has a chance," Hoffman says. The surprise is in Delaware where Joe Biden, Jr., a 29-year-old liberal (he'll be 30 this month) is challenging Senator J. Caleb Boggs (R) in a state which is expected to go heavily for Nixon. Hoffman describes Biden as "a real electable candidate" who has enlisted 1700 volunteers who addressed and delivered by hand (there was no money for stamps) a total of 147,000 letters. "He has one of the best operations in the country," Hoffman says.

Hoffman isn't hopeful right now about South Carolina (Thurmond vs. Zeigler), Maine (Hathaway vs. Smith) or Tennessee (Baker vs. Blanton). And, right now, he's scrounging for the money his committee needs to "turn this thing around" and keep the voters from doing what could be the cruelest trick of all—giving Nixon a GOP Congress.

## Workmen's Compensation

# Aiding the Injured

American workers, shortchanged for 60 years by a system that has burdened them with much of the cost of industrial injuries and diseases, will find little comfort in the recently released report of the National Commission on State Workmen's Compensation Laws. Created under the federal Occupational Safety and Health Act, the commission spent a year and nearly a million dollars documenting inadequacies in the state laws that had already been documented and that were apparent to anyone with eyes to see on the day the commission was formed. Then all but three of the commissioners proceeded to ignore the clear imperative of their own findings. They recommended *against* immediate federal action, urging that the states be given even more time to improve their laws.

The conclusion was no real surprise. The Nixon administration, following its usual practice in dealing with problems affecting workers, stacked the deck with commissioners whose views were not progressive. Several of them had testified before Congress against a strong job health and safety bill. Only three of the 18 represented the interests of working people—two union officials and an attorney for injured employees—and they asked Congress to act at once. Given the makeup of the commission, it is heartening that they saw anything wrong with the workmen's compensation system and suggested federal legislation in three years if the states do not respond.

State workmen's compensation laws were designed to bring social justice to the factories and workshops by making employers bear the economic costs inflicted upon employees by work accidents and illnesses. But the business interests that influence most state legislatures quickly hobbled the new laws by leaving gaps in coverage, low levels of cash benefits and incomplete medical care.

Despite improvements in many states, the commission reported that, today, the maximum weekly benefits for temporary total disability in more than half the states do not equal the national poverty income level for a non-farm family of four; maximum weekly benefits for permanent total disability in most states are inadequate, and in 19 states can be cut off completely before the disabled worker's death; 22 states provide death benefits to widows for a maximum period of less than 10 years, and 25 states put a $25,000 limit on the widow's recovery; 15 percent of the work force is still not covered by workmen's compensation; nine states still do not provide full coverage for all occupational diseases; and 15 states still do not provide full medical benefits for disabled workers.

These findings do not qualify as a revelation. In August 1968, a task force convened by President John-

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son submitted to the Council of Economic Advisors a report on the workmen's disability income system that spelled out in detail the economic inequities of workmen's compensation. But both the Johnson and Nixon administrations refused to release the report to the public, and Congress appropriated funds (that could, for example, have added 60 factory inspectors to the sadly understaffed inspection force of the Labor Department) for a commission that reached similar findings.

Giving the states more time is misplaced charity. For more than a decade the Department of Labor has been publishing a list of recommended standards quite like those now urged upon the states by the commission, and the spotty record of the states in measuring up to them. In 1963, the Council of State Governments, a respectably conservative private organization, put together a model state workmen's compensation act—which the states studiously ignored. In 1965, Undersecretary of Labor Arthur Larson, a distinguished authority on workmen's compensation, prepared a draft model act designed to help the states improve their compensation statutes, and then had to run for cover as state officials and business spokesmen reacted violently against it.

The commission's indulgent attitude toward the states merits comparison to the speed with which the National Association of Manufacturers, the US Chamber of Commerce, the American Bar Association, the insurance industry and a number of state legislatures in 1965 secured an amendment to the Social Security Act reducing benefits to paraplegics and other totally and permanently disabled workers who might be receiving workmen's compensation and social security benefits in excess of their pre-injury wage.

The commission's report has received wide publicity, which perhaps will serve to arouse public interest in a dormant issue long thought to lack political appeal (though surveys show it a matter of prime concern to workers). Senator Jacob Javits, whose efforts created the commission, has disassociated himself from its no-action recommendation. Members of his staff are now drafting a bill that will set federal minimum benefit levels and standards which states must meet to retain control over their workmen's compensation systems.

Up to now, Congress has taken an *ad hoc* approach that has brought passage of a federal act securing adequate compensation for coal miners stricken with "black lung" disease, and consideration of bills to help agricultural workers and cottonmill workers disabled by "brown lung" disease. Passage of a federal workmen's compensation act that will guarantee to all injured workers and their families decent medical care, rehabilitation and cash benefits is long overdue. The commission's factual findings, in contrast with its senseless conclusion, could provide a cause for indignation that will finally produce legislation.

**Joseph A. Page**

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Joseph A. Page, *a law professor at Georgetown University, is coauthor of* Bitter Wages, *the forthcoming Ralph Nader Report on Job Health and Safety.*

## Singapore and China

# An Ostrich in Asia

No one can deny Lee Kuan Yew's achievements in Singapore. In seven years of independence, and 13 years of rule by his People's Action Party, Singapore has prospered. A per capita income of $1000 is second only to Japan's in all of Asia. At the same time it is one of the juster regimes of the region, even if illiberal toward the press and fussy about long hair and other stylistic quirks that should not bother governments.

Singapore's gross domestic product was up 14 percent in 1971. Foreign investment soars; that in manufacturing industries totaled $557 million as 1972 began, $255 million more than a year earlier. So much has Singapore recovered from the British military withdrawal—which Lee reproached Harold Wilson for as a body blow to his economy—that 70,000 guest workers from Malaysia earn a living here now. Moreover, Singapore's shrewd balancing tactics have kept the business-minded city-state out of wars. Premier Lee Kuan Yew may not be a modest man, but he has little reason to be so.

Yet there are reasons to doubt that Lee's increasingly conservative view of the outside world will adequately serve Singapore in the future. An unusual air of uncertainty hangs about the premier's current view of the world, and he is grumpy about the winds of change that nip around his well-organized land. At 48 he has lost his boyishness, and grey hairs reflect the authoritarianism that has crept into his political methods. He talks about Asia like a man frightened of change.

China is the main reason Lee sounds frightened of change. For it is new policies in Peking and new attitudes by many nations toward Peking that have produced fluidity in the international politics of Southeast Asia.

It is hardly surprising that, according to a man here in a position to know, Mr. Lee and Australian Prime Minister McMahon, when they met in June, had their closest agreement reinforcing each other's frozen attitudes toward China. For different reasons, both are alarmed that China is coming out of its box, and both lack a confident view of a future pattern in Asia with China as an integral part. For Lee Kuan Yew, the detente between the USA and China is unsettling. He is deeply critical of America's revised policies in Asia;

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guided by large overviews about race (and even genetics), he thinks America is only really concerned with Europe, and that its commitments in Asia are soft. Does he imagine that the Nixon doctrine adds up to isolationism?

It is America's overall condition rather than American government policies that gnaws at him. Oriented as he is to British modes and institutions, he finds the American political system irrational and its volatile impact on American foreign policy unfortunate. On the Middle East, he finds it amazing that a great nation like America sacrifices its oil interests because certain pressures of public opinion make it unavoidable to back Israel. Despite his admiration for the intelligence of Henry Kissinger and other policymakers in Washington, he wonders if the American "mind" and political mood permit the USA to be a reliable actor in tomorrow's Asia. (It must be strange for Lee that Washington allows American opinion to affect foreign policy; in Singapore such nonsense is not tolerated.)

Himself Chinese, Lee Kuan Yew seems to doubt that the US knows all it is in for in wooing China. And he thinks Nixon has swept many unresolved foreign policy problems under the magic carpet of his flight to Peking. The main trouble with the Sino-US detente, so far as the government of Singapore is concerned, is that it has come too soon. Until a "Singaporean identity" has been created, until Lee is sure that the basic loyalty of the three-quarters of the citizens of the republic who are Chinese is no longer to China but to Singapore, he feels that a Peking embassy in his country would be like Casanova among virgins.

All over Asia, the rethinking of relations with China has begun. For Singapore, an uncomfortably close example is being set by Malaysia, which has had officials back and forth to China, and talks increasingly seriously of neutralism. Nixon's example, in short, has opened a door that Singapore, with its Chinese majority, fears may be a floodgate leading to much enhanced Chinese influence in Southeast Asia.

Other features of American policy which are troubling when viewed from the palatial compound where the premier of Singapore sits in isolated splendor, include Washington's toughness toward Japan. It is not good, in Lee's view, that the US keeps Japan guessing about its intentions; Tokyo could get reckless as a result. The nub, however, of the Singapore government's apprehensions about the future seem to center on China.

Does China have designs on Singapore? Lee is not concerned about Chinese missiles, though these have the range to reach his republic, because he does not see why Peking would want to attack or take Singapore. Yet he is concerned about Chinese ideological penetration, even though he does not substantiate or explain China's alleged desire to get at Singapore.

In my view, what China seeks in Southeast Asia is primarily to ward off the "superpowers"—up till now, mainly the USA—and her pressures on Southeast Asian countries are designed to make these countries less hospitable to US military bases, and to persuade them to be non-hostile toward China. On this basis, Singapore has far less to fear from Peking than Thailand, or Laos, where the US military is active.

Of course, Singapore is special, in that it is the only Southeast Asian nation with a Chinese majority. But Peking's policies toward the overseas Chinese have evolved far away from any attempt at "fifth column" use of them for subversion purposes. Communist China has more or less abandoned special claims to influence on the scattered Chinese—contrary to Taipei, which claims them all as citizens of its "Republic of China." Peking no longer counts on the overseas Chinese as instruments of its foreign policy in Asia.

When *will* Singapore be ready to confront an Asian future in which China is not an isolated pariah but an integral part? Lee Kuan Yew reasonably believes that a Singaporean identity has cemented quite a bit in recent years—he has labored brilliantly to achieve this—and to the extent that he wants a few more years before risking a Peking embassy in the midst of his youthful urban masses, you can appreciate his position.

Doubt arises from Lee's intense obsession about communist ideology. He had something to do with communists early in his career, and he evidently thinks communist governments must always behave the way communist individuals behave. Subversion is part of what they believe in, he avows, and they can never give it up. Can Singapore *ever* be ready to have working relations with China, if China is believed to be a demonic force of infinite capacity lusting to swallow whatever territory lies at hand? It is not Singapore's Chinese culture that makes Lee feel nervous about Communist China, but his own personal hatred and fear of communism—and how can he ever feel secure against a threat so abstract and ill-defined as communist ideology?

A slight rigidity of mind plays him false here. It reminds you of his argument against long hair: that no technocrat or hardworker (he loves both) could possibly let hair hang over his face like a mop; of his overreaction to the announcement of British withdrawal from East of Suez (riots will erupt in Singapore he told a friend, and no Briton will be safe); of his firm conviction that smoking is incompatible with serious work (a chain-smoking senior minister has to leave the cabinet room if he wants a cigarette). Lee is like a social engineer, who thinks the earth turns on a syllogism, and fears anarchy above all things.

Such unreal attitudes toward China are not helped by the fact that the Singapore government has no contact with Peking officials, and no opportunity, therefore, to understand the Chinese as live politicians (rather than as ideological phantoms). Even an event

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so unofficial as a brief stopover of the Chinese ping pong players en route to Australia caused Singapore officials some nervous moments. Before they arrived, Lee raised the subject more than once in conversation, and with a weak smile said Singapore citizens would not let a few ping pong players turn their heads. So if Lee has done many good things for Singapore, and if he achieved for it an immediate security in its own sub-region, his uncertainty about China nevertheless puts a major question beside future prospects.

Had Singapore done more to develop regional ties in Asia, the China issue would be less important than it is. But it thinks of itself as a global city (the foreign minister's phrase), or the Switzerland of Asia, as Lee has called it, with an eye to its future financial and technical role. Relations with neighbors are in no case warm and sometimes chilly. In 13 years since he became premier, Lee has never visited Indonesia, and Malaysia only once, though he is often in London and has spent months at a time in the USA. In fact Lee's city-state often seems aloof from its environs, as if in confidence that a golden thread of prosperity can suspend it high above the backwardness and swirling political currents of Asia. Yet sooner or later, Singapore will have to put China into the scales of its power calculations in Asia. Lee talks about today's "world of instant change," and though he has machines in mind, international politics is no less an agent of change, especially when relationships as important as US-China and Japan-China suddenly thaw. The logic of Lee's own shrewd *realpolitik* ought to lead him out of his blind spot on the country he deeply respects yet somehow also abhors.

If it does not, Lee is unlikely to find tomorrow's world any more to his liking than today's. An election approaches in Singapore, and though Lee is sure to win, all the opposition parties are urging diplomatic ties with Peking. Three months ago the defense minister, Goh Keng Swee, remarked to a trusted ambassador that among three nightmares that could overtake Singapore this year, at the top of the list would be if Japan and China exchanged embassies. One cannot envy Dr. Goh his serenity. Geography and politics may not allow Singapore to be a global city, at least unless it comes to terms with the giant of Asia. Europe's Switzerland is strictly neutral, after all; an Asian Switzerland would have to be neutral too.

**Ross Terrill**

MR. TERRILL *is lecturer on government at Harvard and the author of* 800,000,000: The Real China.

## McGovern and the Working Man

# Courting Labor

## by Paul R. Wieck

*Barberton, Ohio*

The hero of Fletcher Knebel's best-selling novel, *Dark Horse*, is an unknown "ethnic" named Eddie Quinn who turns the last 20 days of a presidential campaign inside out by repudiating the wealthy bosses who picked him, damning the tax laws that permit a "three martini" luncheon to be written off, and calling for a "fair shake" for everybody. His campaign turns a hopeless cause into a horse race not decided until the last state—California—reports on election night. Quinn becomes the hero of the corner bar, the bowling alley and, eventually, even students and blacks. It's fiction, of course. But, listening to George McGovern's blistering attack on the privileges of the rich before cheering Labor Day audiences across northeastern Ohio, one was almost tempted to believe his speech writers were cribbing from Knebel's hero. McGovern drew cheers and laughs when he said "you pay for every martini lunch that a business man deducts while you eat a bologna sandwich" and "I want the rich and the corporations to pay their fair share and no more." By the end of the day, it was hard to remember who used which line—Eddie Quinn or George McGovern.

McGovern speech writers called it a "basic" text that he will return to with variations as he stumps the country in the days ahead. It reads poorly; it lacks specifics; but it's effective. In Barberton, he drew several thousand listeners to a local park after riding in an old-fashioned Labor Day parade that featured politicians in open convertibles. People of all ages came to the park to hear McGovern. They weren't

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disappointed with his new text. The young cheered his assault upon the rich and their loopholes every bit as lustily as the grizzled veterans of labor politics. One young woman kept yelling "give 'em hell, George." I watched the faces and hands of a cluster of older listeners who arrived early and were pressed against the ropes in the front row. They smiled, laughed, nodded and applauded their way through the speech as McGovern explained that "the most important choice in this election is the choice between tax favoritism and tax justice." McGovern, his pleasure showing in his face, seemed confident, direct, tough. The scene was reenacted a couple of hours later at Chippewa Lake where the United Auto Workers (UAW) had pulled in thousands of members and their families for a Labor Day picnic at a lakeside amusement park. They heard what they had hoped to hear—a solid pitch to the working man, a charge that Nixon had doubled the welfare rolls while adding millions to the unemployment rolls, an explanation of McGovern's position on amnesty (nothing that past Presidents haven't granted) and legalized marijuana (he's against it). That stuff wasn't in his text but part of a long opening statement used to clear the air.

It's worth noting the contrast between McGovern's reception as he rode down the parade route, waving to crowds that lined the streets two and three deep for blocks and at the park not long after. Barberton is a Democratic stronghold; in fact, a big majority in Summit County (Akron, Barberton) is absolutely crucial for a Democratic candidate who wants to win Ohio. Yet, loyal Democrats who lined the parade route ahead of time weren't optimistic. One woman said: "He came out with something that scared the people. His reform ideas. But if you read them over, they're not so bad." Another woman said her husband works at the Goodyear plant and reports "they all talk Nixon out there." But her parents, both in their 60s, are strong for McGovern. "My mother thinks he's another Roosevelt," she said. Another woman said he "needs a miracle." And another: "Something has to help him."

Over at the labor union booth in the park, a carpenter put it this way: "All I can say is I've lost more work since Nixon's been in than ever before. The first thing he zapped was construction." The carpenter thinks the labor vote will come back. So does a city councilman who predicted McGovern will carry Summit County by 50,000 (Humphrey carried it by 18,000 with Wallace pulling off 26,000). Before McGovern's tax reform speech to the Wall Street analysts, the man said all the talk he heard was pro-Nixon. "Now it's switching to McGovern."

McGovern has no trouble drawing crowds. At the Akron-Canton airport, some 3500 were still on hand when McGovern's plane landed at 1:30 am. In Ohio, as elsewhere, McGovern has a strong, growing grassroots operation that helps get out crowds, even early morning airport gatherings. Up and down the sidewalks in Barberton, young McGovern workers passed out buttons, solicited loose change and handed out literature. There was a Nixon headquarters but the press found only one young lady in it; a band of perhaps 20 youthful Nixon backers chanted "four more years" as McGovern left the podium after his speech.

McGovern was faced on Labor Day with a new Harris poll showing Nixon leading him among union members by 49 to 40 percent, a disastrous figure for a Democrat in a year in which unemployment, inflation and soaring prices at the supermarket are eating away at the prosperity of the average union member. Unless McGovern's new "basic" speech with its accent on tax reform and jobs catches on, it will be hard to avoid disaster in November.

McGovern will get plenty of help from labor's leadership despite the neutral posture adopted by the AFL-CIO executive board (the vote was 27-3). In fact, the Meany defection may be a plus inasmuch as it has activated thousands of unionists who once relied on COPE (Committee on Political Education) to rally the labor vote. This year, the job has to be done independently and the newly organized Labor Committee for the Election of McGovern-Shriver is making substantial inroads and rapidly putting together a state-by-state organization. A good many union leaders will tell you McGovern is "weeks ahead" of Humphrey in 1968 in organizing labor's political apparatus for the fall election.

As of late August, 33 of the 116 international unions affiliated with the AFL-CIO plus the United Auto Workers have endorsed the McGovern-Shriver ticket. Those numbers aren't very impressive but they are misleading. The 33 unions that have endorsed him not only have a clear majority of all AFL-CIO members but, with the single exception of the United Steelworkers, include all the major unions that traditionally have given a lot of money *and* manpower to campaigns. In the list are the Communications Workers; State, County and Municipal Employees; Textile Workers; Transport Workers; Retail Workers; Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers; Machinists; Electrical Workers; Garment Workers, Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Aside from the Steelworkers, the major holdouts are the building trades, never particularly active on the international level but, in some areas, very effective on a local and state level.

Since the AFL-CIO executive board agreed that individual unions and locals could endorse a candidate (while AFL-CIO and COPE state affiliates have to remain neutral), the newly organized McGovern committee is simply going around the traditional structure and with considerable success. Ohio may be typical. There, the two major unions are the UAW and the Steelworkers. Ohio's UAW entered the McGovern camp early and, in recent weeks, growing numbers of Steelworker officials have signed up with the Mc-

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Govern committee despite the continued opposition of I. W. Abel, the international president. The largest Steelworkers local in the state (at Lorain), with some 8500 members, has endorsed McGovern and, at a recent meeting of the McGovern labor committee in the Youngstown-Warren area, 13 Steelworkers locals were represented. In California, the politically powerful building trades have signed up and, in New Jersey, the Teamsters have joined in the effort. Pennsylvania is also strong for McGovern with only the Steelworkers holding out.

The result, to quote one labor leader, is to "bring to the forefront a whole new generation" of labor leaders while the entrenched, aging leadership sits on the sidelines of the presidential campaign. Already, there is talk that the Meany neutrality stance has set off maneuvering for the right of succession. A key figure in this maneuvering may be Joe Beirne of the Communications Workers, an effective labor politician who isn't known for his antiwar pro-McGovern views. One union observer says: "Joe Beirne saw a vacuum. He calculated he couldn't spend years knocking Nixon down and then build him up. Joe's a strong Democrat and knows Meany is not immortal. He knows there may be a new AFL-CIO president by 1976 and someone will have an opportunity to move in, take over and make it responsible." Perhaps the cry will be "Where were you in '72." Today, Beirne is a major spokesman for the Labor Committee for the Election of McGovern and Shriver.

Great care was taken in putting the committee together. Joe Kennan of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (IBEW), an intimate of the Meany circle (like Meany and many other leaders, he's part of the Irish Catholic power structure within the AFL-CIO), agreed to lead the operation. Howard Samuels of New York, a vice president of Amalgamated Clothing Workers, was picked to run the day-to-day operations. He has long opposed the war. To help him, key unions loaned some of their most effective men—Walt Davis of Retail Clerks (close to COPE's Al Barkan), Larry Rogen of State, County and Municipal Workers, Jerry Thompson of the Machinists and Ed Donahue, vice president of the up-and-coming Photographers' Union. It's a group of effective unionists with stature in their communities and solid contacts throughout the labor movement. Already, the work is paying off. The AFL-CIO bureaucracy is crawling with men and women turned off to Nixon, anxious to help in any way they can. One put it this way: "Barkan's COPE operation is shot through with people sympathetic to McGovern. You can't spend years building up Nixon as a devil and then sit back and do nothing about it."

McGovern's labor committee is getting some of its most effective material from COPE. One item is a COPE film on Nixon called "Broken Promises," a particularly effective film documentary put together before Miami Beach. Copies have been made available. Also coming out of storage at the AFL-CIO is an equally effective pamphlet also called "Broken Promises." It lays out Nixon's record in terms union members can understand and it is signed by Meany himself. "It's our most effective piece of literature. Our friends at the AFL-CIO are seeing we get all the copies we want," a key McGovernite in the labor movement told me.

The end result of forcing the most effective leaders in the labor movement to build a whole new apparatus, to work out of a new framework with new people, could be phenomenal. It could speed up a long overdue updating of labor politics.

To be effective in the fall of 1972, the McGovern labor committee needs more than organization, more than "a devil" to attack and more than the money now pouring in from major unions. It needs a candidate the rank-and-file workingmen identify with between now and November. Is George McGovern that man? Meany clearly doesn't think so. Nor does Abel. If the polls are accurate, and they probably are at this point in the campaign, better than two-thirds of the voters think he isn't.

But which George McGovern are they turning thumbs down on? The one who proposed a welfare reform plan last spring that would give $1000 to each person, the one who courted the support of students, women's liberationists and peaceniks to win the nomination, whose personal credibility suffered through one disaster after another through the month of August? It's certainly not the George McGovern who stood up at Barberton and Chippewa Falls to tell cheering throngs that it's "wrong to allow an American with an income of $2.3 million to pay taxes at less than half the rate you pay on the first $1000 of your taxable earnings," who said "the Republicans are welcome to Mr. Connally and his exclusive club of oil millionaires," who said "I want the oil workers, the steelworkers, the machinists, the teachers and the millions of other Americans who live on the wages of their work instead of tax loopholes." He said little about Vietnam but did insist the way to bring the POWs home is to end the war. He didn't defend welfare but said he'd "guarantee a job opportunity to every man and woman in America who is able to work." He told them the "Nixon inflation is ground into every pound of hamburger you buy." They cheered every line.

The McGovern they cheered on Labor Day sounded a whole lot like Eddie Quinn and that McGovern they might be able to identify with by November. At least, it's a start. If he keeps it up, he might make a prophet out of the UAW's Leonard Woodcock, who told the same Labor Day audiences that "we always lose elections in August but we usually win them in November."

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## Creeping Corporatism

# Nixon's Industrial State

## by Mark Green and Peter Petkas

The subject of socialism in the United States seems in decline. Michael Harrington may write a book about it, and Representative Rarick may rail against it, but the issue of collectivist *vs.* a competitive economy is hardly grist for our public policy mill. But despite its invisibility as an issue, it is quietly becoming a reality, instigated by, of all people, Richard M. Nixon. For while observers peered leftward for its advance, socialism arrived undetected from the right—albeit in the form of corporate socialism. Its legions are not workers but businessmen; they march not under a red but a green banner; and their Smolney is the Commerce Department.

It is appropriate to note the growth of corporate socialism in America now, after the first full year of Nixon's New Economic Policy. Not that it all began August 15, 1971. "One of the most significant signs of the new social era," said Woodrow Wilson in 1913, "is the degree to which government has become associated with business. I speak, for the moment, of the control over the government exercised by big business." The Federal Trade Commission in 1914, the New Deal regulatory agencies and the 1946 Employment Act ended forever any sharp distinction between the public and private sectors. But it was Phases I and II which made a quantum leap away from the theory and practice of competitive capitalism.

It was a policy that did not come easily to Richard Nixon, schooled as he had been in the Republican catechisms of competition, the free market and a hostility to government economic intervention. During his 1968 campaign, Nixon in a letter to Wall Street leaders, criticized the economic cure-alls of the Democratic Party, that is, more "heavy-handed bureaucratic regulatory schemes." And in 1970 he said that wage and price controls were "incompatible with a free enterprise economy and must be regarded as a last resort appropriate only in an extreme emergency such as all-out war."

But President Nixon ultimately reacted more as a politician than an ideologue. Perhaps recalling the effect the 1960 recession had on his first presidential race, Nixon reversed himself dramatically. Republican orthodoxy was sacrificed to the necessity of immediate corrective action. It was a paradoxical turnabout, but not without precedent. In the early 1920s Lenin, facing a severe economic crisis, applied a strong dose of capitalism to get the Soviet economy in gear. He called it his New Economic Policy (NEP).

Lenin's experiment quickly ended. But will Nixon's? One wonders, given the enthusiasm with which business has begun to embrace Phase II. And why not, with "a system of economic controls in which labor is depressed but prices and corporate profits are the highest in history"—according to George McGovern. From the beginning it was clear that the Nixon NEP would aid the corporate sector. The program was premised on "trickle down" economics—increasing profits in order to increase capital investment (and perhaps jobs) instead of increasing consumer demand in order to increase production (and hence jobs). The eviscération of competitive capitalism has not bothered business leaders; they had seen the metamorphosis of New Deal regulatory agencies in their favor. They appreciate the adage, "Socialism for the rich, capitalism for the poor," and are simply following Attorney General Richard Olney's 1892 injunction to a railroad man about the ICC: "The Commission . . . can be of great use to the railroads. . . . The part of wisdom is not to destroy the Commission but to utilize it."

Wage and price controls are the most obvious examples of Nixon's Industrial State, but far from the only ones. There have been a series of administration actions that, in isolation, seemed insignificant but that, taken together, suggest a new form of economic statism:

*The New Business Councils.* Publicly, the Nixon administration has been neither more nor less deferential to the Business Council (*the* group of top business leaders) than its predecessors. But the *National Journal* has suggested that Nixon's sudden embrace of an "incomes policy" (Phases I and II) coincided with a change of heart among the 201 members of the council. At the least they have clout: they represent 30 percent of all industrial sales and a large chunk of banking, retailing and other nonmanufacturing business. And they have a very Republican reputation: 60 percent of the mem-

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MARK GREEN *is the co-editor of* Corporate Power in America *and* PETER PETKAS *is the co-author of* Whistle Blowing, *both to be released later this fall. Both are lawyers with the Corporate Accountability Research Group in Washington, DC.*

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bers favored Goldwater in 1964 even though LBJ courted the council more than any other President.

The Nixon liaison with the corporate elite extends far beyond the Business Council. He created something called the National Industrial Pollution Control Council (NIPCC) in April 1970 to "allow businessmen to communicate regularly with the President, the Council on Environmental Quality, and other government officials" and, in Nixon's words, to "help chart the route by which our cooperative ventures will follow." Then in August 1971 he set up the National Business Council for Consumer Affairs (NBCCA) to "allow businessmen to communicate regularly with the President, the Office of Consumer Affairs, the Federal Trade Commission, the Justice Department, [and] other government agencies . . . which are directly concerned with consumer affairs." NIPCC and NBCCA are located at, and are staffed by, the Commerce Department; their members (limited to chief executives of giant corporations and a few token smaller businessmen) meet privately with high government officials. *How* they shape policy is hard to get at, but *that* they do so at all has been attested to by Nixon himself.

In addition, with the express approval of Mr. Nixon, President Johnson created the President's Commission on Personnel Interchange in January 1969. Under this plan corporate executives spend a year or more in government agencies, and bureaucrats go to work for corporations. The government picks up the difference between an executive's government salary and what he would have earned with the company. There have been about 50 participants so far. Business participants have commented how much the program has aided their communication with their government counterparts. We are assured that conflicts of interest are scrupulously avoided.

*Subsidies and Guarantees.* Direct aid to corporate beneficiaries is perhaps the most obvious tack of the new socialism. President Nixon urged government guarantees for bank loans to Penn Central and Lockheed by arguing that the failure of either company would be a serious blow to the economy. As John Connally told reporters on announcing the $250 million Lockheed bail-out proposal, "We feel that the impact that the demise of this company would have would be of such proportions that it ought not be permitted in the interest of the economic revival of the nation." The same theme dominated the meetings between officials of Penn Central, the administration, the Federal Reserve and the steering committee of the 74-bank consortium during May and June 1970. Lockheed got its loan (its 24 bankers got their $250 million risk-free investment, salvaging the $400 million they had already sunk into one of America's most mismanaged enterprises) but Penn Central filed for reorganization under the Bankruptcy Act.

In both cases the special plea for one failing giant quickly expanded into a proposal for a permanent system of bailing out other failing giants. Within three weeks after Connally's Lockheed press conference of May 6, 1971, Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve Board was seeking $2 billion in federal guarantees for companies whose failures might harm the economy. Ignored were the more than 10,000 small business failures a year that individually don't threaten the economy. After the collapse of Nixon's efforts to provide an interim $200 million guarantee for Penn Central under the Defense Production Act—due in part to the fact that word had gotten around that Nixon's old law firm was representing the railroad in the deal—Transportation Secretary John Volpe was on Capitol Hill seeking $750 million for all railroads.

Given this history, one can anticipate a favorable Nixon response to new plans now being trumpeted by the railroad lobby. An organization called ASTRO (America's Sound Transportation Review Organization) is now seeking an enormous package of federal aid guarantees. Senator Lee Metcalf (D, Mont.), who calls the group CASTRO (Conglomerate America's Slick Transportation Rip-Off), estimates the railroads and their allies will be enriched by $36 billion by 1980 if the scheme is enacted. The National Association of Railroad Passengers estimates *all* the railroads in the country could be bought out for $21 billion today.

*Technology.* On September 9, 1971, in an address to a joint session of Congress, President Nixon promised for the next session "new programs to insure the maximum enlistment of America's technology in meeting the challenges of peace." Four days later William M. Magruder, who had shepherded the SST to its Waterloo in the Senate the previous March, quietly became a presidential special assistant for technology.

In the next few months Magruder and Dr. Edward David Jr., the President's science advisor, worked to increase direct and indirect federal participation in private research and development efforts. Magruder talked about a $3- to $4-billion federal investment in the next fiscal year for research into mass transit, pollution control, electronic mail systems, fire-fighting systems and a grab bag of other areas, as part of a "New Technology Opportunities Program." At first it sounded like a massive rehabilitation program for aerospace contractors and unemployed and underemployed engineers.

Karl G. Harr, Jr., president of the Aerospace Industries Association, laid out the philosophical framework for this new initiative in a guest editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* the following January: "We are beginning to realize that the realities of the '70s may force changes in the historic relationship between government and industry in our free enterprise system." Peter Peterson, now secretary of commerce and then head of the President's Council on International Economic Policy, was more explicit: "[T]he government

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has to foster in a planned and targeted way those industries and products that hold the promise of the best payoff in the international competition."

But the program faltered. By March of this year it became clear that Nixon's request for federal outlays for research and development would be up only $700 million over the previous fiscal year (a sixth of the request), all but $40 million going to existing programs. Why? George Shultz at the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) was certainly concerned about the immediate budgetary implications of Magruder's proposals. The more likely explanation appears that the President's political advisors were not eager for the White House to promote a massive corporate welfare program in an election year, especially after the brouhahas generated by the SST, Lockheed, the Penn Central and ITT.

*Patent Policy.* In a little-noticed presidential memorandum released August 23, 1971, President Nixon announced that patents owned by the government and developed at public expense could be licensed exclusively and free of charge to "responsible applicants." Federal agencies own more than 20,000 such patents—one of the side effects of the $15 billion a year the government spends on research and development.

For years the private patent bar, the corporate R & D community and their allies within the government have tried unsuccessfully to tap this reservoir—but Congress has steadfastly refused to go along. Until last August it was widely assumed that the Constitution's prohibition on the disposal of government property in the absence of congressional authority precluded unilateral executive action. Indeed, the private R & D community implicitly accepted this limitation every time they sought legislation to give them free access to the federal patent pool. But Nixonites were not disposed to let a constitutional barrier stand in the way of their alliance with business.

The Department of Agriculture was one of the first to adopt the new policy. They are attempting to exclusively license fruit juice processes to Welch Foods and a chemical that causes fruits to fall from trees when ripe to the Upjohn Co. A patent is a monopoly granted to reward and thus to encourage innovation. Here the USDA did the innovating; Welch and Upjohn are getting the reward.

The Commerce Department is also pushing hard for the so-called Scott amendments to the patent laws. These proposals, among other things, would end prosecution of price-fixing agreements involving patents, block effective action against geographic and product monopolies based on patents, permit states to grant monopolies on ideas and processes that are not patentable, and, generally, repeal or severely weaken antitrust laws as they apply to patents. The Antitrust Division, on the other hand, has opposed the Scott amendments. But when these two agencies divide on business issues in this administration, the Commerce Department's view is usually decisive.

*Corporate Taxes.* President Nixon's tax policy will enhance corporate profits $89 billion over the next 10 years—or approximately a 25 percent tax reduction—according to a study released by Representative Sam Gibbons (D, Fla.). The new accelerated depreciation rules (ADR) will contribute $30 billion; the investment tax credit, $52 billion; and tax shelters for exports (DISC) and other odds and ends, $7 billion. Over the same period, tax relief for individuals will amount to $36 billion—for a net shift of $53 billion in favor of corporations.

These three corporate tax relief measures were supposed to end the recession and stimulate employment, but even business economists like Albert H. Cox of Merrill, Lynch argued that capital spending would rise only eight percent in the first year of the changes compared to an expected six percent if neither the ADR nor the investment tax credit were adopted. "Tax Credit Seen as a Spur to Profits, Not Jobs" headlined *The New York Times* business page.

And DISC, supposedly designed to encourage exports, shelters present export profits as well as increased export profits. Like the oil depletion allowance—which Nixon promised John Connally's friends he would like to raise—that's an incentive with a vengeance (against the ordinary taxpayer). A Treasury-sponsored study shows that the annual $1.4 billion depletion subsidy results in the discovery of only $150 million worth of new oil reserves a year. That's roughly 10 percent incentive, 90 percent giveaway. The returns aren't in on DISC, but they are likely to show a similar disparity.

Lurking somewhere beyond November 7th is the mysterious national sales tax called "value added." (Value added has one decided advantage over the conventional sales tax: the amount of the tax is buried in the purchase price since it is collected at each step of manufacture and distribution. The average consumer will never know what hit him.) The White House has not taken an official position yet, but the hints are unmistakable. The business advisory committee that recommended ADR in the first place—headed by former Nixon law partner John Alexander—inveighed against a national sales tax *unless* substantial additional revenues were needed. At that time (fall 1970) Nixon was predicting budget surpluses. In the next fiscal year the short fall in the budget may soar beyond $30 billion.

*Antitrust.* "I propose to develop clear guidelines for maintaining vigorous competition" declared candidate Richard Nixon in 1968. By 1972 no such guidelines—clear or otherwise—were forthcoming. If anything, the Nixon administration has been deemphasizing antitrust enforcement in the past two years. This is not surprising, for the free market premises of antitrust

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have always bothered socialists of the left and right. Competition is a destabilizing atmosphere in which government controls and planning do not germinate.

Enforcement decline began in late 1970 when the Justice Department, overruling its Antitrust Division, refused to block the giant Warner-Lambert—Parke-Davis merger. (The honorary chairman of Warner-Lambert happens to be Elmer Bobst, a man who calls the President "Dick.") On August 16, 1971, again vetoing the recommendation of the Antitrust Division, Attorney General John Mitchell permitted the National Steel-Granite City Steel merger; this consolidation formed the third largest steel firm in the already concentrated steel industry. And then, of course, there was the ITT contretemps.

Antitrust principle has come under relentless administration attack from officials professing concern for our deteriorating trade status. Insiders cite this reasoning as leading to the go-ahead of the giant steel merger. Just as war is peace in Orwellian logic, we supposedly can become more competitive internationally by becoming less competitive domestically. While the Constitution requires that such an argument be tolerated, there is little more to commend it. American firms are *already* far larger than their foreign rivals, as our top 50 firms outrank the 200 largest non-US corporations. Foreign countries and trading blocs, from Soviet satellites to the EEOC, are experimenting with more competition, not less. When Senator Philip Hart (D, Mich.) held hearings in 1964 to look for cases where American firms lost foreign sales due to antitrust restrictions, he could find none. Finally, the way to compete worldwide is to outcompete rivals by underpricing, outmarketing and outinnovating others, not by forming our own cartels to collaborate with them.

*Foreign Trade Policy.* The Nixon administration is rethinking this relationship between antitrust and foreign trade. "I am not sure our antitrust formulations give full weight to foreign competition," observed Secretary of Commerce Peter Peterson. *Zaibatsu* seems indelibly on Peterson's mind as he lauds to all who will listen the Japanese system of government subsidization to key industries in order to encourage export. And John Connally, during his days as economic grandmaster, urged a trade "transformation" where government becomes a "partner" with firms trading abroad. These trial balloons have been floating now for over a year, with little in the way of implementation. But the philosophic thrust cannot be ignored, for if trade deficits (devaluation of the dollar notwithstanding) continue into a second Nixon administration, specific proposals will probably appear.

Although this administration does not support the very protectionist Burke-Hartke bill (business doesn't either), neither has it shown any disposition to combat existing trade barriers. Quite the opposite. It acted as a conduit earlier this year between American, Japanese and European steel firms to arrange a system of "voluntary import quotas"—one which Consumers Union has challenged as violating the antitrust laws and the 1962 Trade Expansion Act. And it frustrated suggestions by the President's Task Force on Oil Imports that the oil quota, which costs consumers $5-7 billion annually and inflates industry coffers by a comparable amount, be replaced by a tariff scheme. Nixon promptly created another committee, headed by John Mitchell, which promptly annulled the earlier proposal.

It is one thing for the government to establish the conditions under which competitive enterprise can function equitably and efficiently (*e.g.*, anti-trust laws, unemployment compensation, antidiscrimination laws) but quite another for the government to enter the economy as stabilizer, underwriter and profit guarantor. The latter are the essence of Nixon's Industrial State. But while it is clear that the ground rules for the corporate economy are changing, it is less than clear why. There may in fact be a detailed economic tapestry, woven by such advisors as Peter Flanigan (Dillon & Read), Peter Peterson (Bell & Howell) and Alan Greenspan (who wrote in an Ayn Rand volume on capitalism that antitrust law "is a jumble of economic irrationality and ignorance"). Or Nixon's creation may well be the result of a series of *ad hoc* moves by a President who is absentmindedly socializing inch by inch. Or, finally, this development could be the culmination of a number of previously independent, but now merging movements: the flow of power into the White House; the growth in scale and power of our largest corporations; the growth of a world economy in which domestic firms seek aid from their respective governments.

The reason it is difficult to gauge the genesis of this development is precisely because it has been so unchallenged and undiscussed. Usually vocal critics of socialism—the Buckleys and Goldwaters—are uncharacteristically quiet. Questions about it are rarely if ever raised at presidential press conferences. Should we jettison competition and embrace permanent controls? Should we nationalize the railroads and denationalize the post office, or the reverse? If big business, big government and big labor pool their interests, what happens to the consumer? Great questions are going unasked, and hence unanswered.

Nixon's corporatism is not entirely new. Historical predecessors include Franklin Roosevelt's NRA experiment and Italian fascism in the 1930s, for in both (to different degrees) industry dominated a government-industry partnership. The irony is that Richard Nixon's version unfolds while he grandly invokes "the competitive spirit" and the virtues of American free enterprise. An earlier day cynic understood how you can both do and deny something at the same time. Huey Long, speculating over an analogous phenomenon, said that if fascism ever came to the United States, it would arrive in the garb of anti-fascism.

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# Stanley Kauffmann on films

## The Ruling Class

(Avco Embassy)

Lately I've been getting adverse comments from some readers because, they say, I'm not adverse enough. They take as softness my insistence on discerning virtues in such patently imperfect films as *The Hired Hand* and *Pocket Money;* they would like more straight, uncomplicated guillotining. I'm afraid I'm incorrigible. For many American decades, approximately since the heyday of Mencken, the chief hallmark of critics on "journals of opinion" and quarterlies has been nay-saying. For this, much of the time, we can be grateful. But out of it has grown a wretched rule-of-thumb: the critic who says "no" *must* be more perceptive than the one who says "yes" or even "no, but," and the critic who says the flat "no" most frequently—and most violently—is the best. Inarguably, most of what is produced in any art, particularly the audience arts of theater and film, is junk; and obviously the nay-saying is a reaction against the even more persistent yea-saying of the mass-circulation press. Still, through the decades, the nay-saying has become almost as much of a reflex, in its way, as the mass yea-saying. What's worse, that nay-saying has sometimes been a cover for a lack of esthetic sensibility as abysmal as that in most of the booster mass reviewers. The diction and the air differ; but on each side a gallery is being played to, by critics who are not much more than players to their respective galleries.

I deplore both sides, and especially deplore the sort of mind which suspects that the critic who pans a work is, arbitrarily, sounder than the one who finds merit in it. I've done my share of panning and hope to do plenty more, but where an imperfect, even failed work has merits in it, I hope to exercise what discrimination I have (a modest cough here) to point them out, as pertinent to my own bona fides, the artists' due, and the reader's possible interest in coming along.

All this is apropos of Peter O'Toole's new film, *The Ruling Class*. This picture is, finally, a mess; and it would be easy to write it off in a quick and (naturally) witty paragraph, scoring its ridiculous aspects. But this would be dereliction. There are fascinations and accomplishments in this mess, and I intend, with your patience, to say why.

The script, by the English playwright Peter Barnes from his play of the same name, is about a religious schizophrenic who succeeds to an earldom. His father, a beef-and-blood type (Harry Andrews), has a private little sport of stripping to his underwear, putting on a ballet tutu and a cocked hat, and hanging himself, partially. One day the stepladder slips, and the hanging is full.

His will is read, and to the horror of the earl's half-brother and the latter's wife, the estate—except for 30,000 pounds to the butler—passes to the sole surviving son, Jack, who has spent the last eight years in an asylum, where he imagines that he is the Holy Trinity all in one. (Someone asks Jack how he knows he is God. "Simple," he says. "When I pray to Him, I find I'm talking to myself.") Jack (O'Toole) arrives, in monk's robes, long-haired and bearded, seemingly sane, and takes over. His behavior then fluctuates between the lucid and the (often comically) hallucinated. What usually takes him over the edge is mere talking. He starts to answer a question quite rationally, then just takes off into coruscating religious rhetoric about loving kindness, with himself as the center of the religion. For most of the film he declines to be called Jack: he prefers J. C. And he installs a huge cross in the immense drawing room of this Stately Home, on which he spends hours, standing with his outstretched arms resting on nails.

The plot is concerned with the efforts (again comic) of Jack's uncle and aunt to disinherit him—by having him marry, produce an heir, and then having themselves declared legal guardians. They succeed part way; but on the night of the heir's birth, the head of the asylum shows up with another religious maniac who shocks Jack out of his own religious mania: into another schizophrenia. Now he is "normal," except that his private fantasies are not of Jesus but of Jack the Ripper.

This is Barnes' point: as soon as Jack forsakes the preachment of love and starts his father's preachment of force and blood and privileged cruelty, everyone heaves a sigh of relief. Shaved and shorn, he takes his seat in the House of Lords, where his maiden speech, in favor of capital punishment, wins an ovation. In his canted mind, his public bloodthirstiness extends to private murder, and he commits his first. Suspicion does not touch him because of his rank. The film ends with the implications that his new kind of lunacy is compatible with society and that more murder is to come, now that he is behaving truly like a lord.

Now, the first, basic objection to this script is that it is philosophically puerile. It says that what is wrong with Britain (read "the world") is its aristocracy (read "oligarchs"). This is about as profound as the '30s belief that war is made by munitions-makers. If Barnes really

*(continued on page 34)*

## Films Worth Seeing

*Cabaret.* Isherwood's Berlin in its latest, film-musical form. Bob Fosse supplies more clever direction than political or human insight, but it *is* smartly done.

*The Candidate.* Brightly made, cynical look at electoral merchandising. Robert Redford keen. Not much news in the film and not the whole of American suffrage, but true enough and timely.

*The Hospital.* Paddy Chayefsky's guts are like his talent—middling. So is this script. But George C. Scott shivers this story of a harassed New York hospital chief with his guts *and* talent.

*Late Spring.* By Yasujiro Ozu, who made *Tokyo Story*. This father-daughter drama is not quite at the level of the other film, but it is delicate, fine, and daringly reticent.

*Malcolm X.* A documentary, adequately made, that derives considerable force from the still-electric power of its subject.

*La Salamandre.* A subtle and troubling film about two TV documentary writers and the working-class girl who is their subject. The director is Alain Tanner, a Swiss newcomer.

*The Sorrow and the Pity.* An unforgettable documentary, made with mastery, about occupied France and some survivors. Four and a half fascinating hours.

SK

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# Sedulus on TV

## Medals and Bullets

I hope that nobody has forgotten that the old Olympic games were destroyed by barbarians, or perhaps Christians, in 300-something A.D. Now the Palestinian Black September Group has made its bid, and the resultant slaughter will be in our minds for years, dampening the dreams of athletes, the projects of promoters. Who can say if the next Olympics will get off the ground at all? Suddenly the tube's pleasantly controlled international rivalries were taken over by James Bond, and since gold medals and bullets don't mix the whole thing went kaput; the second week of the games was tense.

If the slaughter had occurred early in the games, however, we would perhaps not even have had them; and since we did have them—10 good days—it is probably important to celebrate the fact that we had them, and to rejoice that half our nation watched them, and that the games themselves as well as the TV coverage of the games were marvelous. Let me then *not* talk for a bit about the terrorists.

The camera was everywhere, and with its sophisticated gadgetry it helped us see as we never before saw. How neat, to watch a fatty with a javelin come steaming straight at the camera, and with mighty grimaces let her rip. How touching, to watch the girls weep when they received gold medals. What a grand quick course in diving, to see a stunning dive played back slowly.

And I don't even like diving. Or boxing. ABC had a big run on both these whenever I tuned in. I'd curse and wonder where rowing and pinball ricocheting went, but watch anyway. ABC deserves a few curses but the camera part of their production was magnifico.

The Germans were fairly magnifico too, with their gorgeous swimming pool and hotshot timing devices. Also their $4 million chute-the-chute for kayaks (surely somebody from the old Hollywood must have thought *that* up). Also their banked bicycle track.

Now to the minor, non-terrorist, tube complaints. Mainly I want to add to the din against the announcers and their overtalk. No silence was allowed, ever. I remember that during one of the longer running races there was once perhaps a 10-second hiatus when the runners were merely bobbling along, with no voice accompaniment; but then by golly somebody hurried in to tell us of ABC's next week's movie! There must have been a compact between ABC and the advertisers that for every moment of silence ABC would lose 10 grand.

No doubt about it, it is the announcer's voice that makes for modern America's version of high drama—and high sales. Starting, say, with Graham MacNamee in the old radio days, and working up through that guy who spoke as if through a sewer pipe for the *March of Time*, we have been conditioned to having our eyes replaced or reinforced by heavy ear turbulence, so that we don't see well any more; that is, we don't bring our eyes into focus on our own but sit back glassy-eyed and unresponding until the announcer kicks us and says hey you guys, look! it's a race!

I had thought for a while that TV was moving us away from Graham MacNamee. I have seen many tennis matches and baseball games where the announcers are relaxed, just watching with us, contributing an occasional piece of useful exposition like, "The man at bat is Joe Blow, he just kicked his old woman downstairs." But now ABC has moved us right back to the radio stone age—surely a high level decision. What it amounts to is that somebody up in the sky at Batton Booton Bitten and Button must have pointed out that the Olympics were simply too goddam expensive to be left alone; they had to be processed.

TV is probably the greatest device man has ever created for shoveling reality at us, but the money people have discovered they can't afford reality, and so they won't give it to us—not clean anyway; they must serve it up through Howard Cosell.

I won't speak of Howard Cosell—he can describe a horse carcass as if it were just at the moment winning the Kentucky Derby—but I think it is reasonable to assert that his mode of reality-processing was what took over for ABC, and that TV sports coverage has suffered thereby. Maybe TV coverage in general has suffered. For the ABC production of the Olympics was obviously a landmark in TV history, a precedent-setter. In my crystal ball therefore I see that America is going to be talked to death.

Also I would like to curse Texaco's singing service station creeps and Joe Namath selling Noxema, and to protest hopelessly against all the analogies drawn between Olympic champions of the flesh and the commonplace products of advertisers.

What else? The darkness comes in again; the deaths are there, the competitions rendered trivial beside them—but let us salute the competitions anyway, and the competitors. All in all it was a great and wonderfully hopeful human drama, almost.

## A *Winter Visit*

When we saw Sam's car lurch up the driveway,
Churning along through the snow,
We stepped away from the window and kept still.
"Why do your friends always show up at dinner time?"
"Why can't he let us quarrel alone?"

Three times we heard the doorbell ring in the hall,
Three times we heard his intrusive knocking,
And the loud calling of our names in the cold.

After dinner for two when she cleaned the stove,
When I shoveled a little snow from the walk,
Even then we refused to wonder
What new packages Sam had been bringing us,
What little messages from the mountains.

Carl Dennis

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# The Arab World's Tribal Politics

## Nasser

### by Anthony Nutting

*(Dutton; $10)*

Gamal abd-el Nasser's Cromwellian desire, after Farouk's overthrow in 1952, was to hand power to the civilian reform parties. In the early years, he often promised a two-party system; Nehru's success in implanting democracy in a more difficult situation than Egypt's made him feel inferior. Nasser was basically a moderate—easy on the landowners, stoutly opposed to civil and legal violence, appalled by "hatred and vindictiveness," anxious above all "to hear one Egyptian speak fairly about another Egyptian." As his most admiring enemy, David Ben Gurion, once put it to me, he was "the best Egyptian politician."

Just as penologists say 30 months is usually the longest someone can stand incarceration without degenerating, so eight years usually seems the longest a political leader can stay in power usefully. In his second eight-year period, Nasser became cruel, morbidly suspicious, imprudent, neurotic and unsuccessful. Nutting traces the all-too-familiar political story of rise and decline.

Nasser became the new pharaoh of the oldest civilization west of China. A shy man and a boring orator, he knew his faults. He was loved rather than admired by his people, yet he ended up using wiretaps, and getting Mohammed Hassanein Heykal to collect Hooverian scuttlebutt as blackmail material, and buttressing failing policies with that panacea of African politics, rent-a-crowd.

The Middle East polity has all the shifting alliances, the thunder without lightning of a Democratic primary. Nasser saw it as "concentric circles"—the Arabs, Islam, Africa—with, "within the Arab circle . . . a role wandering aimlessly in search of a hero." He was attracted to the noncolonial, Christian world—America. He was an early supporter of the Eric Johnston plan for Arab-Israeli cooperation. He feared communism (especially Russia), France (the vindictive loser of Syria and Lebanon, the oppressor of Algeria, the armorer of Israel for the Six-Day War) and the self-assured Hashemite king of Jordan. Yet in the decade of his decline his best friends turned out to be Khrushchev, de Gaulle and Hussein.

The Baghdad Pact was the beginning of everyone's undoing. The Russians, who had vied with the French in supplying the Haganah with firearms against the British—and with the Americans to be the first to recognize Israel—changed course 180 degrees. Nasser tried his best to get arms from Dulles, then reluctantly took them from Khrushchev. Relations with his friend, US Ambassador Hank Byroade, cooled. Across the Negev, Ben Gurion returned to power. Frontier incidents increased. Nasser looked south.

He soon found black Africa's leaders corrupt and debauched by his exacting standards. Earlier he had been put off by Sukarno at Bandung, and enjoyed referring to that meeting as the "Darktown Strutters Ball." But his pro-Stanleyville escapade in the Congo won him a "neocolonial" reputation south of the Sahara. Above all, he doubted whether other leaders could control communist influences as well as he could. Malan and Verwoerd had given communism an entry into southern Africa; Eden, Mollet and Ben Gurion had springboarded the Russians into the Middle East. What would happen to the continent? He clung to the tactic of his friend, Tito—playing both sides. The death of the Cold War was the first stanza of his elegy.

Ex-minister Nutting reserves his most caustic lines for Eden, who was hostilely obsessed with Nasser. Suez was in fact Nasser's zenith. He was reasonableness personified, the protector of British and French citizens in Egypt (even the embassies); the supporter of the Robert Anderson plan for a Canal Users' Association. Nasser's entourage panicked at the approach of war, but he issued his cabinet members potassium cyanide pills, and placed his faith in Hammarskjöld and Eisenhower. Allah was kind. Eden was catapulted out of politics, cursing the French.

But Dulles never really believed his well-informed embassy in Cairo, and relations with the US soon cooled. Nasser, who was to berate Lyndon Johnson for "vulgarity," wasn't too inspired by Khrushchev either, despite his help—especially after the Soviet leader had thundered at Anwar as-Sadat that Egypt was "still at letter A!" Cairo turned to JFK with hope; but Nasser's Congo mistakes soon soured the atmosphere, although he retained faith in Kennedy.

Nutting traces Nasser's impractical "unions" with Syria, Iraq, Yemen and Sudan, and details his growing failures, for which he sought scapegoats. Health as well as politics shaded his character in the '60s. He had been declared diabetic in 1956. Just as Nkrumah's cerebral infection made him crafty and conspiratorial, attracted to flaky courtiers and tolerant of dishonesty, so the slowly dying Nasser became the hostage of creeps like Sami Sharaf and Ali Sabry.

His judgment grew progressively worse. If Suez had been his glorious Dunkirk, then Yemen—as he told US Ambassador John Badeau—was his Vietnam. Mistakes multiplied. Only weeks before the founding conference of the OAU, he helped a plot against Bourguiba's life. Fate was against him. Kennedy died. Abboud and Khrushchev were overthrown. He looked for improbable new allies, such as Habbasch and Arafat. He needed a western counterbalance to Kosygin, and contacted his favorite western organization, the CIA, only to put the contact suddenly under arrest.

Nutting puts Egypt's 1967 bust with Israel with scholarly skill, agreeing that Nasser was foolish, but rejecting the conventional wisdom that Nasser tried a bluff that went wrong.

He sees, instead, an *Israeli* need to deflect attention from economic crisis and re-emigration, and a chain of Israeli traps into which the ailing Nasser fell, swept along on the momentum of the UNEF dispute. By then, Israel could scarcely agree to any solution that was inferior to the *status quo ante*, and therefore humiliating.

The aftermath of June was shoddy: offering Mohieddin the presidency to make him unpopular, arresting Marshal Amer—and forcing him to commit suicide to save Nasser's face. Eventually Nasser withdrew his charges of US complicity in the June war, but relations remained officially broken. Meanwhile the Rogers Plan fell short of Egypt's

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hopes, and Nasser's acceptance of it won rebukes from Syria, Iraq and the Palestinians—in support of whom Nasser had soon broken with Hussein again. By then, he had even broken with Tito as well.

At the December 1969 Rabat summit, his only remaining friends were the simple soldier Gaafar al-Nimeri, victor in a recent Khartoum putsch, and the ranting fanatic from Tripoli, Muammar Qadafi: an all-too-typical end to a political biography.

*Nasser* is a pedestrian but conscientious work. Nutting's style is that of a committee chairman, and the book badly needs editing. Nutting never had the easy relationship with Nasser of a Miles Copeland, nor the same access to meaningful detail revealed in *The Game of Nations*. But he puts the perennial "Mid-East crisis" in perspective.

US policy in recent years has had four main aims: the preservation of Israel, restored good relations with the Muslim countries, a permanent peace in the area and a just solution for the acknowledged victims of this West Asian accident of European history—the native Palestinians, catapulted into a Muslim diaspora. So far, only the first objective has been achieved, partly because, for a first-term American president, Israel is as much a domestic as a foreign issue; and not since 1956 has America had a second-term president, free to put statesmanship, if necessary, before local ethnic politics.

To a fairly obvious degree, as Nasser—with occasional lapses—saw, all the US aims are linked: Israel's secure survival, for instance, depends on a peace acceptable to all, and on reconciliation between the Arabs and the West—and these things depend in part on some justice for the refugees. In the long run, this would presumably mean replacing the twin medievalisms of pan-Arabism and Zionism with acceptance of "lay politics" from the Mediterranean to Iran—the hope once kindled by Moshe Sharett, and kept alive in recent years by Nahum Goldmann, Uri Avnery and Bourguiba. Nasser, as Nutting shows, put Egypt before pan-Arabism, which he saw as the equal and opposite (defensive) reaction to Zionism, nothing more.

Historically, the Middle East conflict is still seen as a religious war; but just as Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland are not fighting over trans-substantiation in the Eucharist, so Muslims and Jews are not fighting over sacred texts. The Middle East is a macrocosm of *tribal* war, just as Ulster is a microcosm of one, with each pawn ordained by birth into his senseless role. To the Palestinian militant, or his remote Third World sympathizer, Israel is a colonial situation. Nasser often feared that it could become one, and sometimes he spoke as though it was: but like Hussein he recognized that most Israelis are native Arabs.

Propagandists of both sides could talk of "Jews and Arabs," as illogical a distinction as comparing the fat and the French, or the old and the tall: Nasser recognized that the distinction could be religious or linguistic, but not both at once. Most Israelis of the influential, middle-aged generation had Arabic as their mother tongue, Judaism as their appointed slot in the region's religious strife.

Nasser knew that Israel might be governed by an intellectual elite from Europe and especially Russia, which had made the country relatively prosperous, modern and more democracy-oriented than its neighbors, but he also knew that the country belonged to the Levant, its alfresco lifestyle that of a slightly dowdier version of Lebanon, its armed forces filled with Palestinians, Syrians, Iraqis, and so on, of Jewish faith. What he never found out, as Nutting's narrative lucidly shows, was how to reconcile his knowledge with the ceaseless demands of tribal politics in the Arab world.

**Russell Warren Howe**


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# Dusty Relics

## Twelve Works of Naive Genius

### edited by Walter Teller

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

A hard-scrabble farmer, an herb doctor and an osteopath, three self-taught painters, two ex-slaves, a woman who wrote verse about hens, a housewife, a seagoing wife, two sea captains. Their common bond is the fact that all these obscure (with one posthumous exception, Albert Pinkham Ryder) Americans shared the widespread autobiographical compulsion of the 19th century, and now their acts of modest vanity have been brought together from fading manuscripts and rare book collections to make a small museum of bygone domestic life. As a representative selection, it's quite good, and Walter Teller has done a capable job of introducing each of his memoirists. I object only to the somewhat preposterous advertising use of the word "genius" in the title. It suggests a discovery something akin to the discovery of American primitive art—marvelous weathervanes, figureheads, portraits and landscapes—but that is misleading. Verbal imagination was nothing like the artist-craftsman's, and about the best that can be claimed for the writers is that they are, in Teller's words, "self-taught, fresh and unjaded, ingenuous, homespun and vernacular."

The 19th century infatuation with the individual ego and individual experience, filtered down from Rousseau and Byron, seems to have touched thousands of humble penmen on the North American continent and the busy production of memoirs was probably greater than can ever be measured. When I was growing up, almost every family had great-grandmother's diaries stowed away somewhere or grandfather's sketch of his life, published and bound by the local printer. (I remember Capt. Charles E. Belknap's recollections of Grand Rapids in fur-trading days; "A Minnesota Boyhood"; "Logging-Camp Days"; "Memoirs of a White Crow Indian"—that sort of thing.)

As artifacts of a bygone kind of American life, they all have a certain intrinsic interest. It is good to get the feel and texture of life through the witness of some simple participant, and it is often salutary to be reminded of what most lives consisted: the enormous proportion of poverty, hardship, hunger, oppression, suffering and early death that was the majority experience. For most of the memoirs I have read, it is hard to make any claim beyond that. There are a few autobiographical accounts, however, that show the happy coincidence of a keen observer and a scene of general historical interest—and in such cases, the record rises above the merely private and domestic details of existence. Among the many descriptions of Civil War experience by ordinary soldiers, John Ransom's *Diary*—a narrative of capture, imprisonment in Andersonville and escape—stands out as remarkably detailed and vivid. Charles A. Siringo's *A Texas Cowboy* conveys a photographic feeling of the American west in the 1870s and '80s, unpolluted by the fictional notions that began long before his time. And, as for accounts of slavery, I still have an affection for the early chapters of Booker T. Washington's *Up From Slavery*, even though the memories seem misted-over somewhat by later fulfillment.

The best and most imaginative portrayal of living on the frontier I know comes through Laura Ingalls Wilder's autobiographical novels written for children. I suppose that these books don't fall precisely within the limits of the genre discussed here because Mrs. Wilder verged on professionalism and because the memories are cast in story form. In the main, nevertheless, they do fit the "naive genius" definition with their superbly recalled details of Wisconsin and Dakota pioneer life and their rendering of its experience. Mrs. Wilder—like a good primitive painter—looked at the small, everyday things with imagination, and therefore she added a dimension that very few of these personal recitals ever display.

"Locked in his own experience," Walter Teller observes of the typical naive writer, and this is where the greatest shortcoming lies. In Seth Hubbell's *Narrative* of pioneering in Vermont, all of life is narrowed down to a struggle to keep one family from starving. In Linda Brent's *Life of a Slave Girl*, every energy is given over to avoiding sexual exploitation by a cruel master. In Lucy P. Vincent Smith's *Journal*, the anxiety and loneliness of a wife aboard a whaling vessel on a long voyage are the preoccupations. None is a banal theme; given just a little novelistic talent, each could have a good deal of excitement. But unfortunately the excitement or any real zest about the problem of seeing it through, is missing. "The great difficulty of carrying a load on snow-shoes in the time of a thaw is one of those kinds of fatigue that is hard to describe. . . ." "Every minute I expected to be summoned to his presence; but the day passed and I heard nothing from him." "Monday 2nd . . . could not wash today on account of my washroom being nearly filled with onions."

How much they missed, locked in their self-prisons of hardship or boredom; how much interesting life passed by, just out of focus or just beyond vision. This is not simply a matter of failed observation, either. I think that the major impediment of the naive writer is his inability to conceptualize or to generalize. Beyond its immediate, pragmatic significance, nothing has meaning. Life is reduced to a simple line. Both the varieties and the implications of experience are missed because the writer lacks that generalizing power by which he might capture them. It is true that most of these narratives have a few ideas along the way. The slaves condemn slavery as a cruel system; the herb doctor and the osteopath denounce the stupidity of the standard medical practice of their time—but such ideas were unavoidable.

Is there anything left over after we have looked with curiosity at the undeniably authentic, dusty and in the end slightly boring relics? Dulled by all this, I can reach but one (unavoidable) idea myself: we are all very lucky not to have been born as ordinary Americans in the 19th century. If this collection tells us anything, it reminds us of the immense percentage of life that had to be devoted to sheer work and drudgery. It recalls how infrequent and scant were any pleasures and how little opportunity there was for any life of the mind. All in all—except for the lucky few—existence

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was a hideously boring prison. Thus, with that perspective, it is uncharitable to complain that the naive writer lacked wit, insight, descriptive power and enjoyment. The great wonder about most of them is that they wrote at all.

**Robie Macauley**

# Still Awaiting Revolution

## Modern Capitalism and Other Essays

by Paul M. Sweezy

(Monthly Review Press; $5.95)

This slim volume of essays ought to be read widely, though it won't be. Paul Sweezy is generally accepted as America's leading Marxist, which means he is read carefully by a small group of intellectuals and ignored by everyone else. Here is your chance, everyone else: eleven brief essays which provide an excellent introduction to Sweezy's thought. Included are a terse description of modern capitalism, Sweezy's theories on underdeveloped nations in the capitalist schema, critiques of capitalist economic theory, an interesting 1956 review of C. Wright Mills' classic, *The Power Elite*, and several theoretical pieces interpreting Marx. The reader can make up for the necessary sketchiness of the essays by hunting down Sweezy's other works, the most prominent of which are *Monopoly Capital*, written with Paul Baran, *The Theory of Capitalist Development* and his magazine, *Monthly Review*.

The major theme running through this volume is Sweezy's thesis that "the underdevelopment of the Third World is the product of the very same historical process which resulted in the development of the advanced capitalist world." Industrial capitalist nations, Sweezy argues, do not develop the Third World: they underdevelop it, destroying thousand-year-old social systems and preventing real economic development in their place. Expecting trade, investment and aid to develop these nations is ridiculous: they do just the opposite. For example, between 1950 and 1963, a time of tremendous US foreign investment, our income from underdeveloped nations exceeded outflow by 70 percent. The Third World desperately needs this capital, and Sweezy argues that its only path to development lies in national socialist revolution: overthrowing the national elite and severing ties with international capitalism. He views this inevitable and already accelerating conflict between the developed and the underdeveloped nations as the most important contradiction in world capitalism today.

Though most Marxists still contend that capitalism's central conflict is the clash between the working class and the property owners, Sweezy insists that the working class in advanced capitalist nations has passed through and out of the revolutionary period Marx proclaimed. But, he adds, "it is my belief that we are presently entering a period in which the working class in the advanced capitalist countries will again become revolutionary." Revolution in the Third World will start the process, precipitating a deepening crisis in global capitalism—the burden of which will fall most heavily on the working classes. "The Vietnam war has already proved that wars of this nature and magnitude cause profound divisions and tensions within the involved developed countries. It seems reasonable to suppose that their continuation and escalation will drive these divisions and tensions to the breaking point."

The second theme running throughout the volume is the decadence of monopoly capitalism, in which the big companies set prices and create demand rather than taking the usual chances found in a market economy. First noting "the total inability of received economics to grasp, let alone explain, the profound tendency to stagnation which lies at the heart of present-day capital-

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ism," he lays this sluggishness to the tendency of oligopolies to over-accumulate wealth (in profits and idle production capacity) while wages and employment remain low. The result is chronic under-consumption and stagnation, remedied since 1933 by state intervention in the form of tax-financed warfare and welfare. (Sweezy and Baran analyzed this process in depth in *Monopoly Capital.)*

Combine this analysis with several pages on John Kenneth Galbraith and you get an interesting possible angle on the McGovern campaign. Sweezy presents Galbraith's thesis that an emerging "technostructure" of enlightened scientists and educators (who are, for this campaign at least, readily identifiable as the McGovern people) will, through political action, solve social ills by inserting other-than-profit motives in the economy and substituting more welfare for less warfare. Sweezy doubts the plausibility of the thesis, arguing that the ruling class, led by top corporate executives, will neither relinquish profit maximization as a guiding principle nor allow cuts in defense spending, which, they realize, has kept us afloat for 30 years. The Nixon strategy—increasing profits, keeping wages, employment and welfare spending down and padding the defense budget—tends to prove Sweezy right so far.

But now McGovern has arrived on the scene, convinced he can play Galbraith's leading role. And despite his profound doubts, Sweezy does not completely write off the McGovern-Galbraith struggle: "Perhaps, in a world going socialist, a determined democratic movement in the advanced capitalist countries—or at least some of them—can make the welfare state a real substitute for the warfare state." It's only a slim chance, but there it is: a scenario in which McGovern (our "radical") rides in to *save* capitalism, staving off revolution with moderate reform. (The parallels to FDR are obvious, though he couldn't swing it without militarism.) Nixon, on the other hand, will keep fighting the sapping battles on the edge of the empire, ignoring welfare at home and protecting surplus profit—all of which spell eventual economic collapse and possible revolution. Is this not precisely the message George McGovern recently tried to sell Wall Street? "We would do well to heed the warning of a decade ago," he said. "If a free society will not help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich."

**Dave Osborne**

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

RUSSELL WARREN HOWE *is the author of a two-volume history,* Black Africa. ROBIE MACAULEY *is fiction editor of* Playboy. *Poet* HOWARD NEMEROV'S *latest book is a collection of essays entitled* Reflexions on Poetry & Poetics. JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor of the* Greensboro Daily News. CARL DENNIS *teaches English at* SUNY, *Buffalo.*

# For Tao and Countryside

## Fire in the Lake

### by Frances FitzGerald

(Atlantic/Little, Brown; $12.50)

Most of the left still treat Vietnam as a piece of bureaucratic malice hatched from Washington, which may explain why no American has written a history of the war that would rank with the work of Bernard Fall or Jean Lacoutre. It is not so much that these French authors were "in the field": America's press and literati overran the field in Vietnam. Rather only the French seem to appreciate that Vietnam was once a colony and looks at the West with the part swagger and part self-hatred of a former colony. Frances FitzGerald's *Fire in the Lake* displays an un-American awareness that the mores and morale of the old Vietnam have survived into a neocolonial age—that may explain why American reviewers are so well disposed to the first cultural explanation of Vietnamese politics directed to a large American audience.

It is easy to appreciate, then, why her survey has to lean on so broad a thing as national character. Like many Western journalists in the East, she probably tries to explain the Asian mind (the Vietnamese mind, the Cambodian mind, etc.) too much. Does the Vietnamese family structure have to determine so many nuances of the guerrilla movement? It is a small quibble, but it points to a deeper weakness: the book nearly sinks under the weight of its generalities. In particular, two of her major motifs—how the war grew out of the villages, and how the *bidonvilles,* the tin shacked refugee camps that surround the cities, grew out of the war—raise a few tough issues that get short shrift.

FitzGerald sees the Vietnamese revolution in part as a rebirth of social morality: Marxism-Leninism became the new Tao when Saigon failed as a Confucian state to provide the moral order necessary to coherent group life. She makes a good strong case for the power of ideas in village politics, but many readers will have trouble getting clear the family resemblance between the Confucian and Marxist world views. Both may stand for totalist politics, but surely the Vietnamese aren't just rustic innocents enamored with totalism—any totalism—for its own sake. It is simpler to say, as FitzGerald almost does, that the peasants rose up in Vietnam because they saw the mandate of heaven shift once more: from the French to the Viet Minh to no one at all and finally to the NLF. But that does not explain what the post-industrial Marxist millenium has to do with the ordered Tao of the NLF village cadres. What the Communists really offered the peasant, I think, was not Marx but Lenin: not a science of progress but an authoritarian organization which opened up his dreary life in a static village to political participation at the national level. In this sense the essence of the revolution was the discipline and predictability of party power—not, as FitzGerald seems to think, "the social morality of Marxism," whatever she and Marx mean by that.

FitzGerald emphasizes the different sources of the Viet Minh nationalist movement and the later, uniquely agrarian NLF revolt. During the first war the

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Saigon government had been ineffective and almost invisible to the people of the villages, but the "nation-building" policies of Diem changed all that. A new market economy began to disrupt the old patterns of subsistence farming and drew these rural villages into the chaos of a pluralist, Western-style and highly unstable nation-state. Diem also replaced the traditional ruling class, the landlords, with GVN bureaucrats sent out from the city. The war started in the villages, then, because the "national government" (supported by the West) invaded the villages. The corruption of its own officialdom reached down into local village politics. To the Americans, this struggle was as invisible as the sacred ancestral graves their armies marched over, but Westmoreland's tactics for "clearing out the countryside" and "generating refugees" were conscious enough. Our policy of "forced-draft" urbanization ruthlessly extended Saigon's own plans for the villages.

FitzGerald makes these points well but may go too far when she concludes it was not so much causes like land reform or even nationalism as the "natural opposition" between countryside and city that started the war. The "natural opposition" of the market and subsistence economy, however unsettling, is not the kind of jar that triggers the bloodiest civil war since Spain. The Communists themselves have had designs on the subsistence village economies of Vietnam and elsewhere. The political elites of most Third World countries, communist or not, are committed to decisive economic breakthrough in the peasant agricultural sector. In Latin America, for example, capitalist farm methods have already generated a rural proletariat without starting revolution. There is no reason for her to slight the old stock explanation of land reform just because it is old and stock, especially in a country where "the land forms a complete picture" of a man's social and economic identity.

The best part of *Fire in the Lake* describes how the Americans, as they defoliated the countryside, proceeded to corrupt the cities: to turn a land of farmers into a ghetto of refugees, shoeshine boys and prostitutes. What the generation of refugees does to a peasant revolution is the only real gap in the account, but it is a serious one. By the end of the book, she has presented two Vietnamese societies with nothing in common: that of the villages and that of the *bidonvilles*. The "infra-structures" the American army rooted out were the traditional values of the ancestral culture. With so many families scattered and gone, these values are unlikely to become the basis of a new political order—Marxist or Confucian or otherwise. But FitzGerald is still talking about the hopes and fears of "the Vietnamese people." She is still counting on the rural folk wisdom of the NLF to deal with those other "Vietnamese people" being bred in the cities. She is refusing to consider whether the Communists, too, can cope with the terrible Brechtian jungle that has been made out of urban Vietnam.

Her own call for "revolutionary purity" (what the Vietnamese dub "the fire in the lake") is pretty empty if the cynic apathy of the urban masses is beyond the help of agrarian politics. Recent Communist massacres in the cities of the north suggest the North Vietnamese and the NLF are running out of *political* solutions for these areas. If garbage and vice are the new Tao in South Vietnam, as FitzGerald darkly hints, it hardly matters what system of morality the NLF decide to tout—you can only eliminate the vermin.

*Fire in the Lake* makes some use of the Third World sociology of Frantz Fanon. In Algeria, though, Fanon saw the lumpenproletariat as the allies of the virtuous peasants. In FitzGerald's Vietnam, they seem engaged in a peculiarly Vietnamese search for oblivion, perhaps even in suicide for some who despair of finding a middle way between the generals and the NLF.

Also paradoxes of neocolonialism in Vietnam—and she explains them most skillfully—are too complex and too many for Fanon's diagnosis of old-fashioned colonial domination. In contrast to the French, the Americans tried to encourage national feeling in Vietnam but made it disappear. Always ready with bigger and better kinds of help, we were hardly aware how much our counterfeit nurturance was the source of the GVN's weakness. As for the Vietnamese, though they thought they were powerless colonials, they were also free of the business of governing themselves. They manipulated the US advisers, stole from the US army, and made a profit on a war that was not really theirs.

These are the paradoxes that FitzGerald lays out, explaining how the Vietnamese economy became one more service to the Americans—how corruption "did not make the system function but became the system." Perhaps the war now has its Tacitus. *Fire in the Lake* does more than grimly spoof our naivete about "nation-building." A Confucian morality tale itself, it exposes the guerrilla stalemate with our own neocolonials.

**Tom Geoghegan**

# *The Crossing*

September, and the butterflies are drifting
Across the sky again, the monarchs in
Their myriads, delicate lenses for the light
To fall through and be mandarin-transformed.

I guess they are going southward, or anyhow
That seems to be the average of their drift,
Though what you mostly see is a random light
Meandering, a Brownian movement to the wind,

Which is one of Nature's ways of getting it done,
Whatever it may be, the rise of hills
And settling of seas, the fall of leaf
Across the shoulder of the northern world,

The snowflakes one by one that silt the field . . .
All that's preparing now behind the scene,
As the ecliptic and equator cross,
Through which the light butterflies are flying.

Howard Nemerov

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# A Refreshing Conservatism

## I Come As a Thief
### by Louis Auchincloss

(Houghton Mifflin; $6.95)

This new novel is precisely what we have come to expect of Louis Auchincloss: a polished and urbane story about polished and urbane people, hardly Auchincloss at his best but still a highly representative product. In the let-it-all-hang-out ambiance of present-day fiction, it seems a positive anachronism.

Auchincloss, after all, deals in a literary form—the novel of manners—that few American writers have practiced with much success, all the fewer now that Marquand and O'Hara are dead. That the manners of which he writes are those of Wall Street and the Upper East Side makes him all the more vulnerable, for this is the age of social and economic egalitarianism. What of value—not to mention relevance—are we to find in elegant accounts of the doings and misdoings of the rich?

That viewpoint, which was widespread among American critics long before the "new" populism, rests upon a misunderstanding of what the serious novelist of manners is up to. As most scrupulously defined, the novel of manners attempts to describe the mores of a particular social class or group and to determine how they operate upon individuals within that group. The society of the rich is especially suited to the form because its manners tend to be pronounced and inviolable; but in writing about high society the novelist—Henry James being the preeminent case in point—is hardly constrained from raising questions that go well beyond its borders.

Louis Auchincloss writes about Wall Street law offices and Park Avenue parlors because that is his own world; the milieu is as natural to him as small-town Mississippi is to Eudora Welty or the Lower East Side is to Bernard Malamud. The specific world matters less than what the novelist makes of it.

The protagonist of *I Come As a Thief* is a New York lawyer named Tony Lowder who moves within upper-crust society, is married to one of its daughters and having an affair with another, yet by background and financial circumstances is at once removed from it. Shortly after he is appointed to a position with the Securities and Exchange Commission, an associate proposes a deal by which he can make an under-the-table profit; he wavers only briefly before agreeing. But he is pursued by guilt and, in a moment of spiritual awakening, decides to confess and repent; it is an act of conscience for which he pays a high price.

The elements of the story are stock Auchincloss: temptation, avarice, atonement. They are not, unfortunately, handled with the customary skill. The story is cluttered with awkward melodrama; much of the dialogue is pregnant with wordy philosophizing; and Lowder, in the central moment when he discovers his obligation to God and his own conscience, comes across less as a man of religious conviction than as a self-righteous prig. Compared to *The House of Five Talents, The Rector of Justin* or *The Embezzler, I Come As a Thief* is uncharacteristically clumsy.

Yet Auchincloss is a writer of serious conviction and purpose, and even when the book fails as fiction its themes hold together. Upper-crust New York is both the backdrop against which Lowder's story takes place and a crucial element in that story: the economic pressures of maintaining a place in his society are as important to his decision to engage in stock-market chicanery as are any weaknesses in his own character. In Auchincloss' novels, as in Marquand's, men and women are constantly under such pressures of social class, and the manner in which they respond is in large measure what the novels are about.

But Auchincloss is a writer of moral and ethical issues as well as manners, and his fiction works on both levels. *I Come As a Thief* is concerned not only with how much freedom a person has in his society but also with how much freedom he has been granted by God. The answer, to which Auchincloss returns in novel after novel, is that if he has the freedom to sin he also has the obligation of expiation; Auchincloss is, for all his wit and sophistication, a stern Christian who demands that the people in his world pay for their transgressions.

In many respects he is indeed an anachronism. His themes—crime and punishment, faithlessness and faith, freedom and obligation—are old-fashioned, and so are the form and language of his novels. But his is a refreshing conservatism; there is still something to be said for a firm religious vision, a lucid prose style, and a clear understanding of one's world—even if it is the world of the rich.

**Jonathan Yardley**

# A Few Novels

## Edwin Mullhouse: The Life and Death of an American Writer (1943-1954) by Jeffrey Cartwright
### by Steven Millhauser

(Knopf; $6.95)

Edwin Mullhouse was a Connecticut boy who wrote the novel *Cartoons* and who died under strange circumstances at age 11; Jeffrey Cartwright, his neighbor, classmate and friend, wrote this biography a year later. That's Steven Millhauser's *donnee*, as Henry James would say; that's what we readers must accept, with a willing suspension of our disbelief. Believe it or not, it's well worth accepting. This is no "Peanuts"; Jeffrey is no oleaginous and self-pitying Charlie Brown; the novel has no Christian Message. Jeffrey is a Nabokovian child: witty, literate, perceptive and disturbingly complex. Edwin is different, an artist of the Beckettian sort. Their acquaintances, their schooldays, their relationship—all is grist for Jeffrey's mill and for Millhauser's beautifully shaped and polished description of the pleasures, sorrows and evils of childhood, of art and of life. Don't be put off by the apparent whimsy of the title and the youth of the characters; this is a mature, skillful, intelligent and often very funny novel—and the author's first.

Childhood has been preempted lately by the psychiatrists and sociologists, who took it over from the sentimentalists. All of them have ulterior

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motives; all are anxious to simplify and caricature childhood, to subordinate it to some thesis or program. But childhood is a life in itself, of course, with rather more variety to it than grownup life offers, and it is experienced with much more intensity than we jaded adults can generally manage. Millhauser's narrator conveys it marvelously, and he does equally well with the intricacies of that other Nabokovian theme, the relationship of the reader-critic to his author. On these topics and many others, the novel offers a steady stream of profits and pleasures, and it's definitely for grownups.

## Semi-Tough
## by Dan Jenkins

(Atheneum; $7.95)

Professional football is, uh, very professional—except when played by the New York Giants of this novel. They stay up drinking and whoring all night before the big game, and then slop through to victory on an unscientifically unsynchronized wave of muscle and obscenity. Women are sex objects out of *Playboy* (and don't seem to mind), niggers is niggers (and don't seem to mind either). Author Dan Jenkins is an editor of *Sports Illustrated* and here sets up shop quite successfully as a sort of pornographic Ring Lardner. There are many moments of high locker-room and bedroom comedy.

The whole is weakened by a persistent Rover Boy spirit that keeps whispering to the reader that these players are really *neat* guys and America should be proud, though there's a suffocating amount of evidence that there's little to be proud of. With only a slight tonal shift the book might have been truly tough, but as it stands it is mainly a cutie with good jokes.

## Mumbo Jumbo
## by Ishmael Reed

(Doubleday; $6.95)

In *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* and *Yellow-Back Radio Broke Down*, his first novels, Ishmael Reed established himself among the new black writers who were taking the high road of way-out satire rather than the low road of proletarian realism. *Pallbearers* cut down everyone, black and white alike. *Yellow-Back Radio* was less satisfactory; there wasn't enough satire in it, or there was too much of something else. Now, in the light of Reed's anthology of black writing, *19 Necromancers from Now*, and his new novel, *Mumbo Jumbo*, we can see why: Reed is into black magic, into it head over heels. *Mumbo Jumbo* is set in America in the 1920s, and Reed uses the political, military, social and artistic absurdities of that time as the basis for another satiric attack on white culture. But (appropriately, for a book about the age of Babbitt and Bruce Barton) Reed is a booster, too: he offers constructive criticism. We should all turn to voodoo, mumbo jumbo, wild dancing and jazz—the exuberant and irrational approach to life originally sponsored by the African god Osiris and represented in the '20s by Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, et al.

Unfortunately Reed is serious about all this, if not downright solemn. His characters lecture each other interminably on these subjects, to the detriment of a plot that had little going for it to begin with. The novel's central character, PaPa LaBas, warns us that exuberance without doctrinal support cannot survive, that the spirit of the '20s—and the '60s—needs propping up. He's probably right—a religion of ecstasy needs the religion as well as the ecstasy; but Reed's doctrine errs in the other direction. Can these dry bones live?

## Treehouse
## by James Morrison

(Dial; $5.95)

*Treehouse* is a temperate, moving romance between two young adults, both adopted children of a gracious couple. The love of Sam and Nell is nurtured strongly by the aerial retreat that their adoptive parents built for them and the natural son, Magruder, in their childhood. Its tufted isolation bound the three in glorious fantasy and intimacy, and the dream persists even after Sam's enlistment in the Peace Corps, Magruder's assignment to Vietnam and Nell's lengthy affair with an eligible lawyer. Complications ensue, however, upon Sam's return from Africa. His drive to learn the identity of his natural parents and realization of uncontrollable love for Nell, surface irresistibly and arouse parallel responses in her. They are, unalterably, adoptees.

Readers who might be provoked by the underpinning problems inherent in adoption and exogamy may wish to consult ALMA, Adoptees Liberty Movement Association, and the Book of Leviticus, Chapters 18 and 20, in the Old Testament, the Justinian Code and more modern laws. However, it is doubtful whether Morrison intended such serious research. He has succeeded in his first novel in creating characters of charming decency. An old-fashioned goodness umbrellas his story and lends fragrance to an afternoon's reading.

## 18/44
## by Etienne Leroux

(Houghton Mifflin; $4.95)

Time is not linear. It is a point. And a point, as any good, old-fashioned geometrician remembers, has no existence.

Start with this theory and you'll be in about the right position to find a direction through Etienne Leroux's short, enigmatic, emblematic novel.

With the narrator, whose name or un-name is Y, time runs, like dye in water. So do people and places. Contemporary experience is seized in fragments, flipped over like pictures in a carnival peep show: boring barbecue parties, booze on lanterned lawns, passion fired off like Roman candles behind the sheltered bench, the shrub, the half-closed door.

Is it real? Or mythological? Or anagogical? Did all of it happen or any of it? Anyone recalling the previous novels of this South African translated from the Afrikaans, the Welgevonden trilogy, will appreciate the irrelevance of such questions. Y *is* of course. But Y, also, is not. And it is in the traditional tension between these two energies—one toward death, the other toward rebirth—that Leroux's audacious imagination starts to work. Reality? It is an unnecessary handicap. The artist (Y, significantly, is a hack novelist) must make all things new, like God.

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## The Book of Strangers by Ian Dallas

(Pantheon; $4.95)

Being a Scottish Muslim, Mr. Dallas is predictably fond of provocative and sometimes ironic juxtapositions, both physical and metaphysical. In this first novel, he assigns the task of discovering the meaning of life to a hero so modest that he has, as in the Leroux novel above, no name. Throughout, in a book dedicated literally to the glory of God, he writes a bland, matter-of-fact prose that is utterly devoid of the zeal of the prophet.

There are many themes here, from the relative value of narcotics in matters spiritual to the cold edge of technocracy biting into flesh. Through it all there is the disturbing strangeness one associates with the cryptic and the mystical, a strangeness which too often seems to mask outright spiritual fraud. Sure that one ought to understand, afraid to admit ignorance, one is nevertheless dreadfully suspicious that there isn't very much to be understood.

## The Car Thief by Theodore Weesner

(Random House; $6.95)

A 16-year-old delinquent, Alex Housman, breaks the laws of society in which he is an unitemized commodity. He pays the imposed sentence, fights blindly for survival as a human, drowns, surfaces and finally reaches a sanctuary that will yield him a number if not a face. His pilgrimage is ruthlessly familiar. Product of a broken home, he lives alone with a factory-working, alcoholic father. The two love each other with the stumbling, desperate fidelity of sliding cripples. The son recognizes that his father, despite unconquerable weaknesses, is a generous, compassionate noman brave in lost directions. But when the son is sentenced to six months in a detention house, released and returned to school and home, he is driven to the sanctuary of army enlistment, an act of seeming rejection that leaves the father in total isolation and propels him to suicide. But as Alex dons his uniform in the spotless barracks, and shaves with his father's old razor, he knows that through this self-imposed death he has been given a patrimony of freedom, manhood and unbounded love.

In this impressive first novel Theodore Weesner does not preach, exhort, computerize, denounce or politicize. His prose is stripped and vibrantly compassionate. He has fulfilled his moving dedication, having "remembered and celebrated" the fragmented people of a twilight world.

## The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing by Marilyn Durham

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $6.95)

The man who loved Cat Dancing is John Wesley Grobart, an ex-army officer who married Cat, a Shoshone squaw, when she was only 14 and who fathered her two children. When we meet Grobart, he is about to rob a train: recently released from prison after serving a 10-year term for the killing of three Indians believed to have raped and killed his wife, he wants money to regain his son. But as we learn later, it was Grobart who killed Cat Dancing. At the same time, we meet Catherine Crocker who is on her way to catch the same train to expedite flight from her husband. Instead of catching the train she is kidnapped by the robbers, who are at first really more interested in her horse. The story that follows is an engrossing one. It takes place in the Wyoming Territory of the 1880s; it is colorfully told, full of rich detail and carefully drawn characters; and it contains enough adventure for the most avid old west fan. Yet there is also a depth of emotion and psychological insight that is unusual among many of today's "relevant" novels.

The insight into Catherine is particularly impressive. Catherine is a spirited individual who has become circumstantially caught in a constricting marriage and whose "castrating tongue" has brought no satisfaction to her and only misery to her husband. When she leaves her husband, is subjected to physical hardship, and then finds herself loving and depending upon Jay Grobart, she becomes more human, and feminine (though stereotypically): instead of being cold and shrewish, she is now sexually desirous, and thus fulfilled, and willing to give of herself in an effort to please—she even learns to cook and derives some satisfaction from creating (admittedly hard) biscuits.

This change in Catherine, despite her occasional relapses, also brings a reawakening of feeling in Grobart who is now close to finding his son: ". . . there was the danger of her becoming important to him, in a way he had never intended to let another woman be . . . he had actually let himself think for a moment of abandoning his plan and taking her with him to some distant place. . . ." For Grobart this is an important development because, as Catherine rightly accuses, he is still seeking punishment for killing his wife, or as Grobart puts it: "It was as if he had always known—but he had not!—and had come all that way, not to claim Johnny, but to claim his guilt at last"; for it is not until he actually finds his son that he learns that Cat Dancing had not been unfaithful to him. Instead he had let the tangled story of a jealous, hurt and fearful child reinforce his own "doubts, his resentment, his suspicion, until finally he had questioned her honesty, and her innocence" and had lashed out in self-righteous vindication.

The novel is humane and violent but justified in both, because those emotions arise from the characters as we come to know and understand them. It is Mrs. Durham's first, but there are two more soon on the way.

## John Thomas and Lady Jane: The hitherto unpublished second version of Lady Chatterley's Lover by D. H. Lawrence

(Viking; $8.95)

The second of the three versions of D. H. Lawrence's most notorious, but hardly best, novel has less reason to be called *John Thomas and Lady Jane* than its successor, belatedly published in 1959 and the subject then of a landmark court decision against literary censorship. The pseudonymous figures of the title, and references to parts of the anatomy of Lady C. and her gamekeeper-lover which caused a literary furor when the final version was first privately published and rapidly censored in 1928, appear under their correct names in the present text. They appear less frequently, too, in this second version, which while 20,000 words longer than the much-pirated third, is less feverish and hysterical, and far less explicit and

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redundant about country matters, although not as sanitized as the expurgated edition published in 1944 as *The First Lady Chatterley*.

All three versions are as much about class as about sex—about the rape of the countryside by mining as well as about the seduction of a gentlewoman frustrated by marriage to a war-impotent mineowner. In large part a result of the 1959 Chatterley case, the explicit sex, now ironically more tame than tender, and trying where it should be touching, would hardly rate a "PG" on a 1972 movie marquee. What is left makes the second version a better book, for while freer from polemics about the perils of industrialization, it is dramatic and sensitively realistic about the emotional and economic wasteland in which the lives of colliers and foundrymen and their families are lived. The final chapters, omitted in the third version, bring Lady C. to the nearby town in which her worn and work-scarred lover now ekes out an existence in a steel mill, and not only rank among Lawrence's best writing, but close the novel more effectively than do the other texts. The Lady C. and her lover of the second version are also less romantic and more believable, with Connie Chatterley less sophisticated and intellectual, and her gamekeeper less a matinee idol in quickly removable corduroy breeches. None of the three versions make a great novel out of Lawrence's materials, but a reading of the second suggests that one of Lawrence's great literary mistakes was to expend much of the waning energies of his last years on the third.

# Correspondence

## Nader Blackmail

*Sirs:*

I have been quoted (*TNR*, Sept. 2 and Sept. 9) as having told a reporter that her threats amounted to "blackmail." Leah Young doesn't seem to be any more sure of what I said than she is of any of her other "facts." In the Sept. 2 issue I am alleged to have told her that "Nader did not like 'being blackmailed' into making a statement just to avoid being accused of ducking the issue." In the Sept. 9 *TNR*, the ground has shifted to a general accusation of "blackmail" because Ms. Young "explained . . . that the answers were not responsive to [her] questions." What actually occurred is as follows:

Ms. Young telephoned me several times and told me, falsely as it turned out, that she was doing a general story on no-fault insurance for the *Journal of Commerce*, which I know to be a conservative trade paper favored by commodity dealers and insurance underwriters. Ms. Young insisted on having an interview with Ralph Nader to get his general views on no-fault. After I had informed her that Mr. Nader was occupied with other matters and could not give her a personal interview, she threatened that if she didn't get at least a statement she would conclude that Nader's "failure to take a position" on no-fault resulted from his "close relationship with the trial lawyers." At first, I merely brushed this kind of innuendo aside. I knew she was wrong on both her presumptions and conclusions, but her tone convinced me that attempts at rational persuasion would have little effect. I had heard that kind of slur many times before from auto company propagandists and right-wing extremists who just can't believe Nader is for real.

Nevertheless, I transmitted Mr. Nader's statement. When Mr. Nader's reply did not satisfy, I told her that she would not succeed in blackmailing Nader into giving a reply to fit her preconceptions of the fact.

It is clear to me after talking to Ms. Young several times and reading her fact-shifting articles that she either was out to do a hatchet job or she let her personal pique determine her story. It is unfortunate that *The New Republic* can't do better than to give currency to this kind of journalism.

*Theodore J. Jacobs*
*Center for the Study of Responsive Law*

## Nader & No-Fault

*Sirs:*

I wish to express my anguish and annoyance over the articles by Leah Young and Eliot Marshall ("A Chink in Nader's Armor?" "Nader and No-Fault," Sept. 2 & 9) concerning a $10,000 grant which the Center for Auto Safety initially sought from, was voted by, but later declined to accept from, the American Trial Lawyers Association (ATLA).

Neither author mentions the fundamental point that my request to the ATLA Board was based on two understandings, made absolutely explicit in my proposal: 1) that ATLA had to assume the worst in considering the grant—that if the center were to study no-fault, it would oppose the ATLA position, and 2) that a grant to the center was not a grant to Nader. On these understandings, the ATLA Board vote was unanimous. None of them thought that the center's support or silence on the no-fault issue could be induced with such a grant.

We are a tax deductible group, and are therefore precluded from advocacy of legislative proposals, such as no-fault, which are pending before Congress. Thus the suggestion that *our* silence on the no-fault issue is related to the grant vote is absurd and vicious.

Our salaries are painfully low, from a low of $40 for a research assistant to $92 per week for our staff attorney. Perhaps *The New Republic* can suggest some source of funds for our work that their writers or others will not devise some means of discrediting. Except for books

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and speeches, most of our efforts do not tend to generate income. We had hoped that an associated organization, the Center for Concerned Engineering, might be considered for the ATLA grant, but its director, a firm and outspoken supporter of no-fault who had grave misgivings about the money, finally decided to withdraw his request.

It is quite demoralizing to work as hard as we do on auto safety, running a program that is starved for funds, finally locate some funds clearly defined by the grantor as clean, no-strings money, decide soon thereafter to steer clear of the funds anyway for fear of having the grant misunderstood, and then subsequently to be attacked regardless—and then by a magazine whose contributors we generally respect.

The Center for Auto Safety works with Mr. Nader on some matters. But most of our work goes out without his involvement. We have our own board, which I polled on the question of the ATLA grant the day after it was voted. I (in conjunction with my board) and not Mr. Nader, decided to reject the grant. Mr. Nader is not on our board and has no official or unofficial power to make or influence decisions on grants or other matters by the Center for Auto Safety. The implication that our decision either to accept or to reject the ATLA grant had any connection with Mr. Nader or his views is totally false.

Our files on the matter are open to all who wish to judge matters for themselves.

*Lowell Dodge*
*Director*
*Center for Auto Safety*

*In reply:*

The purpose of my article was not, as Lowell Dodge suggests, to analyze his motives in accepting or rejecting a grant from ATLA. Rather, I hoped to sketch the inaccuracies that appeared in the history of the ATLA grant as told by Nader and Dodge. Until last week (August 28) for example, Nader said flatly that the grant had been turned down: nothing more. Perhaps he was misinformed. Otherwise his statements seem intentionally designed to evade the fact that Lowell Dodge himself asked for the money, and as late as August 23 expected ATLA to send it to his close associate Ralf Hotchkiss. It also seemed significant to me that Nader would go to such pains to disassociate himself from the Center for Auto Safety, and that Dodge would try to conceal the nature of his arrangement with ATLA. Their behavior made Ms. Young's thesis more convincing.

Dodge says there were no strings attached to ATLA's $10,000. I'd argue that, strings or not, it posed a conflict of interest for him and Nader, just as ITT-Sheraton's loan of $400,000 did for the Republican party.

On the question of advocacy, the IRS says that it's perfectly legal for a tax exempt group to give its opinion on any subject, provided that lobbying for and against legislation is not "a substantial part of its activities." The Center for Auto Safety knows this, because its members have spoken publicly about standards for car bumpers, which is the subject of federal legislation. Furthermore, if the center were precluded from comment on no-fault, why did Dodge warn ATLA it should "assume the worst?"

A final note. Professor William Schwartz of ATLA has informed us that I was inaccurate in suggesting that ATLA "hoped to enjoy some favorable publicity" because of the $10,000 grant. On the contrary, he says, ATLA approved the gift in a private meeting and refrained from issuing a news release. ATLA wanted no publicity for this project and assured Lowell Dodge that without his permission, there would be none. There was none.

*Eliot Marshall*

punishment as enemies of mankind. If only things *were* as simple as Barnes says, how much easier solutions would be—if only all the evil *was* concentrated in the powerful and privileged and all the rest of us were good.

Further, the script is grotesquely distended. (The picture runs almost two and a half hours.) Numerous scenes—like one with a Master in Lunacy who comes to examine Jack—are good and funny in themselves but stop the picture cold. And there is a disconcerting mixture of styles. I sometimes like mixed styles, including conscious theatricality, but then the mixture of styles has itself to be a successful style, and it isn't here. Jack's bride, on her wedding night, does a striptease number for the camera which she knows is there. Two very proper ladies of the village arrive and do a vaudeville number with Jack before they leave in a huff at his unorthodox behavior. The effect is chaos, not freedom.

And the ends of the script are too neatly tucked in. The asylum chief is made, incredibly, to go crazy. The butler turns out to be a secret Red—incredible even in fantastic comedy. (Shaw said, rightly, that the lords would be revolutionaries long before their valets.)

Peter Medak, who directed *A Day in*

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**Kauffmann,** *from page 22*

thinks that, for instance, hunger for the gallows back again is the monopoly of lords, he ought to have been at dinner with me in London two months ago when I heard a prominent newspaper editor, certainly no lord, fulminate against opponents of capital

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*the Death of Joe Egg*, a mixed bag, has mixed another bag here. He begins very well, nice straight storytelling, with only a few traces of *Joe Egg* theater staging—that is, stage "pictures" in which people who are not in the dialogue or action of the moment are kept on screen just because they happen to be in the room. As the script gets frenetic, Medak outdistances it. He slides from straight narrative into stop-frames, expressionist tradition and subjective views. At the end we see the House of Lords through Jack's eyes, as a bunch of dusty skeletons.

But there's a good deal of good to be said about *The Ruling Class*. First, even when the structure wobbles and the ideas falter, the writing itself is sharp. The dialogue as such is much above the ordinary. And one of the ways it is extraordinary is in its wit.

This connects, through Medak, to the cast. Almost every one of them is first-rate. There is pleasure merely in hearing them speak the words, watching them play and interplay. Harry Andrews, the kinky earl, chews his growly bile with great clean snaps. William Mervyn, his shifty brother, Coral Browne, Mervyn's lickerish wife, James Villiers, their silly-ass son, Carolyn Seymour, Mervyn's mistress who is made Jack's wife, Nigel Green as a Scottish religious nut, Michael Bryant, the asylum head, all supply prodigally what's wanted in their respective roles. Alastair Sim, Mervyn's bishop brother, is the exception: this heavy-handed mechanic does not improve with age.

Two performances are even better than the general excellence. Arthur Lowe, the butler who inherits a bundle, then becomes tipsy and truculent, is beyond praise. And there's O'Toole.

I don't understand his makeup. He looks painted the whole time, even after his descent from the cross—one of the most artificial looks since Orson Welles in *Mr. Arkadin*. Outside of that, only hosannas. He has few peers among English-language screen actors, in romance, comedy, wildness. He has no peer in—lame word—the poetic: the sense that he has pushed to the furthest frontiers of sensitivity, where few of us could endure the heat. Or cold.

His performance in *Brotherly Love*, as another unbalanced lord, was more successful because the role was more organically built, although the picture was pedestrian. (Another film I declined to decapitate.) But here he gets absolutely everything out of what's given him—the "arias," the vaudeville, the piteousness, the regality.

In sum, this irritating and unsatisfying film is worth being irritated and unsatisfied by. A simple "no" to *The Ruling Class* would be easy; but wasteful.

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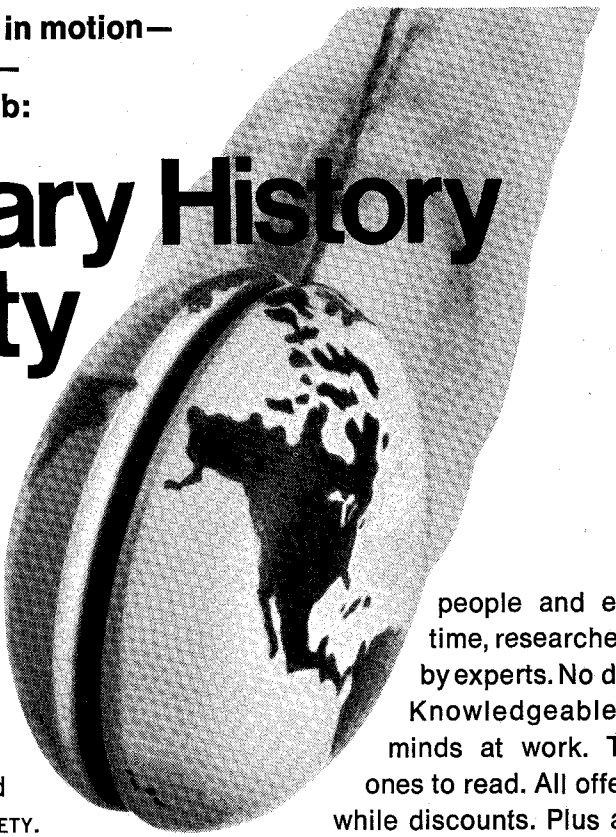

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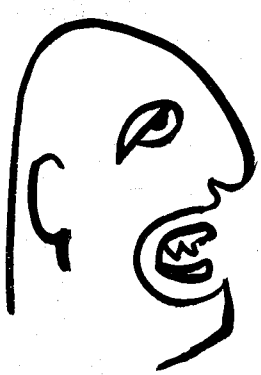

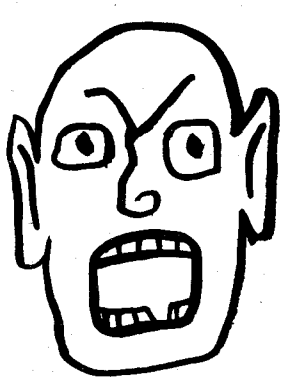

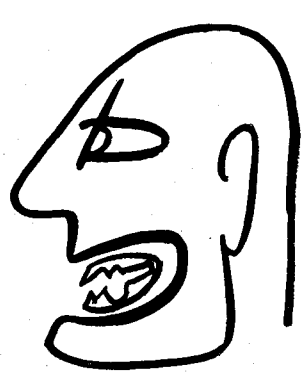

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